

HORNBY MILLS;

And other Stories.

BY

HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "OLD MARGARET," "GEOFFRY HAMLYN"
"THE HARVEYS," ETC.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BERLIN

A. ASHER & CO. 53, MOHREN-STRASSE.

1874.

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NEW YEAR'S DAY AT WINDSOR, 1327.

SIR HENRY MALLORY'S STORY.

"THE story must be told, Sir Henry, here, and at once, without delay or omission, or you will exchange Windsor for the Tower. On your allegiance! tell me something to make me forget these Scots, I pray you of your love."

"But, sire!"

"I say nothing about that. Go on, sweet Sir Henry; I want to hear much how you saw this man, and what he was like. Why do you delay?"

"The story is dull."

"Then both Mortimer and Despencer were liars. Go on, old friend. Such modesty does not become an old ambassador. Seneschal, is there an army of bears down there? I do not demand silence, but the noise is abominable. Altogether villanous. If the men below the salt can't take their Christmas liquor without that noise, they

must have no more. If they are quarrelling, send a herald to them. Now, Sir Henry, as soon as you can hear yourself speak, go on. Drink from my cup first, finish the wine, and put that ring on your finger, which you shall find at the bottom. Hey, Sir Henry, we have a jewel or two. Got you such a ring as that from your wondrous Venetian friends for the telling of a tale?"

"Your Majesty's generosity surpasses theirs, as their splendour surpasses yours. Well turned, but not true. I must unsay it. The men I speak of were as generous as they were splendid."

"And we, poor King of England, are nobody. Go on. I cannot buy you to speak aught but truth, not with a hundred rings."

"When I come to compare Windsor," said the sturdy old gentleman, "with the palace of those two merchants at Venice, your Grace, this dear old palace where I have lived so long, and where I hope, by your Grace's mercy, to die, seems to me like a mean barn. I am no minstrel,—so little a one that my old tongue cannot tell all the magnificence of what I saw at the house of those two venerable men, still less can I invent aught. When I arrived at their house, the night I was bidden to supper, and stepped from the boat, I told my name and titles. There

were some forty servants about the door, and when they caught my name, two beautiful youths, of a courtliness and a grace which——”

“What are you looking at?” asked the King. “Herald,” he roared, “tell those young bears, whelps, Percy and Seymour, to be still. It is monstrous, one’s pages fighting before one’s eyes. Two such beautiful and graceful youths, whose courtliness and grace my pages (Satan couple the young hounds, a thirsty ill-scenting day, on the top of Bagshot-heath!) had as well imitate. Yes, Sir Henry, I follow you. What said these youths to you?”

“They told me that they were detached for my service the whole of that evening, by Signor Nicolo and Senor Maffeo, and they begged me to follow them to the banquet-hall. I, seeing by their manner that they were gentle, begged of them to walk slowly, that I might admire the wonders in the great galleries through which we passed. They pointed them out to me, but I did not notice them so closely as I might have done, for the largest part of my mind was given up to counting the paces which I stepped, so that I might gain, on my own authority, some idea of the length of the vast corridors which we were traversing. This puzzled my two youths considerably, for they ran on before me, and

placed themselves before the most remarkable objects, to wait my coming; and they evidently wondered why I walked with my head down, and counted as I went. One of them thought I was doing my devotions, and seeing I was without a rosary, offered me his, which was of large pearls; but the other said, in a low voice, in his musical tongue, 'He is an Englishman, he is only mad,' and after that they wondered no more.

"'Mad, you say!' said the first. 'But he is ambassador from the King of England.'

"'My sweetest Antonio,' said the other, 'what should a madman, King of Madmen, do with a sane ambassador? What fearful political complications would arise if he were to send us any one but a lunatic; or even a lunatic whose lunacy does not exhibit itself openly, as this one's madness does. We might think him a sane man, and believe what he said. And what then?'

"I heard every word of this, though they did not think it. I amused myself with them."

"But," interposed the King, "can you tell me anything of the galleries which you passed through? Was your whole soul taken up with counting your steps?"

"I can tell your Grace this. I passed through three corridors, each one hundred and twenty feet long, before I came to the last and fourth, in which the supper was laid, and in which the guests were assembled. These three galleries, three hundred and sixty feet in length, were all lined with mirrors in golden frames, which reached to the richly-fretted ceiling: excepting, of course, the windows, which, now it being night, were draped with crimson satin. Thus much I observed; but the other wonders—the statues, the tall vases of glass, banded and twisted of various colours, the great picture of the proud Cimabue, of Michael slaying the Dragon—many other things I hurried by, or only had them shown to me by my two guides, lest I should miss my counting. The floor was covered with the richest cloths."

The King's fool had assumed, at the beginning of the story, a look of respectful attention, which by degrees he had developed into a look of deep wonder, which now had become an expression of the most dumbfounded astonishment caricatured to the uttermost. Of course every one had been watching, knowing that he would be doing something soon, and at this point young Percy the page found that he could not help it any longer, and giggled. The spark had

fallen on gunpowder. The whole of the party burst into such a roar of laughter at once, that the people down the table looked towards the royal chair. The King was very angry, but when he saw the fool's face, he was forced to grin.

"Pr'ythee, gossip," said the fool to Sir Henry, "pass on and come to the dragons."

"There be no dragons, fool."

"Marry, thou shouldst have had dragons. Thou art a poor jongleur. Thou wilt mar the tale without a dragon or two. I pray let us have them."

"Wilt thou peace, thou ape?" said the King, angrily; and Sir Henry went on.

"The floors were covered with the richest fabrics, and the galleries were grander than anything your Majesty can fancy, and yet the banqueting-hall infinitely surpassed the galleries in beauty. My tongue fails to describe the richness of the plate, and still more the wondrous splendour of the flowers which covered the supper-table in great profusion, and all of which were utterly unknown to me, as they were from roots and seeds which Signor Nicolo had procured from the uttermost limits of the East.

"They tarried for me, it appeared, and, after their form of politeness, came forward in a body

to greet me, each presenting himself by name. I prayed their forgiveness. They, on their part, abased themselves before me for having assembled too soon. All were Venetians, sire, except myself, and a Genoese prisoner, to whom these true gentlemen gave the precedence, as a prisoner of war, before every one else, myself included. He insisted on waiving his claim in my favour, and so I sat on the left of Signor Maffeo, and he below me. The conversation, as supper went on, was mainly addressed to us two, and I supposed at first it was only politeness; but, after a little conversation with me, the Genoese prisoner raised his forefinger slightly, and the conversation became general, Signor Maffeo even turning from us and talking to the infirm Signor Nicolo, his brother. I began to see, sire (otherwise I had been a poor ambassador from England), that there was a plot, a good-natured plot abroad, and that I was to act in it.

“I now turned and looked at my fellow-conspirator, the Genoese gentleman prisoner. He was a young gentleman of singular beauty, and dressed with extreme richness and elegance. His manners were as charming as his appearance.

“‘Dear English signor,’ he said, as soon as the others were talking freely, ‘I want your help. Let us drink together.’

"We did so. 'There is a play, a plot, a conspiracy, to be acted here, and you must play the principal part in it. Do you consent?'

"The players in mysteries have their written parts given them,' I said, 'and even the mummers rehearse their nonsense in a dark barn. I consent, but I must know my part.'

"It is only this. When I nudge you—so,—speak out to Signor Nicolo, and ask him to show you his magic amulet. When he has handed it to you, pass it to me, instead of giving it to him.'

"Is that all I have to do?'

"That is all. You were late for supper, and I was waiting to explain more to you. We are too close to the old man to explain now.'

"Can you explain nothing, sweet sir?'

"I fear being overheard, but I will say thus much. Signor Maffeo is talking loud to his brother. Signor Nicolo is infirm, and any agitation will make his heart beat dangerously. The leeches dread his death in case of any news being conveyed to him suddenly. Now a most unexpected and joyful event has occurred, and we wish to break it to him. The only thing which will make the old man speak of his son is that talisman. He never speaks of his son but when he is telling the story of that talisman, and we want

him to tell it to-night. It is our only chance of breaking the glorious news to him without killing him.'

"I understood him now, and grasped him by the arm. 'Do you mean to say that he is free?' I asked.

"Sweet sir, he is in Venice. You did not catch my name, as I saw, when I introduced myself.'

"Who are you, dear gentleman?'

"I am Giovanni Doria, and he is exchanged for me.'

"I brought my hand heavily down upon the table, and as I committed that breach of good manners, I perceived that the Venetian gentlemen who were supping with us had for once in a way, in their eagerness, forgotten theirs. I saw in a moment that every man in the room was in the plot, for they had all ceased talking and were looking eagerly at me and Doria. I smiled so as to show them that I was in their secret, and the general conversation buzzed up louder than before.

"But the sudden silence, and the smiting of my fist upon the table, had aroused Signor Nicolo, and he turned and spoke to me. 'Has anything irritated you, my English friend?' he said. 'Doria is a sacred person, but if it were any other,

I will answer for it in my own body, my boy being away, old as I am.'

"'No one has irritated me, dear sir,' I said. 'Only the spiders spun a cobweb between me and my goblet, and in breaking it through I hit the table.'

"The old man was puzzled but contented. Doria laughed at me.

"'It was not so bad,' he said; 'but your English humour will never stand comparison with our Italian wit. You should have said, "I was contented to think that I should never have words to make our poor islanders believe in the splendour of the Venetian merchants, and in my vexation at that thought I committed this breach of manners."' "

"'That would have been rather clumsier, and much more untrue than the explanation which I gave,' I answered. 'Let be: he believes neither the one nor the other. Let us talk sense. Why did you select me for your fellow-conspirator on this most joyful occasion?'

"'For the first reason,' he answered, 'because he is very jealous of showing his talisman to any one but foreigners, and he never shows it twice to any man; and, as I told you before, never speaks of his son unless he shows it. I have seen it once, and you were the only available for-

eigner. That is the first reason. For the second, we felt sure that you would come kindly into the plot. Your gentle demeanour, and your beautiful and amiable face——”

At this point the King's fool was taken with an obstinate fit of coughing. The King looked up. “Sir Hubert Venables,” he said. “Sweet friend, smite me my poor fool upon the back, I pray thee. He hath a cough, and the phlegm will kill him. I should be wood were my poor fool to die.”

Sir Hubert, nineteen stone of strength and good-humour, moved towards the fool: but the fool was not fool enough to bide a slap from that terrible hand. He dived under the table and passed below the salt, where he revenged himself by telling a story very like Sir Henry's but with a few utterly incredible incidents, caricaturing that most excellent old pedant's voice and manner in a way which made necessary the presence of the seneschal, a herald, and lastly the order of royalty itself to silence the uproarious laughter.

“Twenty years ago, Sir Fool, I was handsomer than any man in this room, except, of course, your Majesty.”

“Exactly,” said the King. “Now go on.”

"I was, it appeared," continued Sir Henry, "to take my opportunity to ask for Signor Nicolo's amulet, and to request him to tell me the story about it. To lead up to this result, Giovanni Doria left off speaking to me, and left me sitting silent. It was a long time before the dulled faculties of Signor Nicolo took notice of this. The main part of the supper had been cleared away, and nothing had been on the table for some time but the fruits and the wine, but yet I sat still and silent, acting my part the best way I could.

"Signor Maffeo was not in the secret, and he and his brother remained talking very eagerly together. The general buzz of conversation which went on along each side of the table made them think, I suppose, that their guests were well entertained, and that they might speak together without breach of manners. At last, Maffeo, who sat next to me, turned and saw me silent, and saw also that Doria was deeply engaged in conversation with the man beside him. He instantly nudged his brother, and said, 'Nicolo, we are poor hosts. I thought, Signor Mallory, you were in talk with Signor Doria.'

"'I have been silent this half-hour,' I said. 'I have not spoken to a soul since Signor Doria entered into talk with yon Florentine gentleman.'

“They used great civility towards me at once, these two old gentlemen, asking my pardon many times. But I answered that I had been well entertained looking at the admirable beauty of their riches; but I said I had a favour to ask. If they thought they had erred in any way in courtesy to me, the granting of that favour would throw the balance of debt on my side. I asked would Signor Nicolo show me the great talisman, and tell me the story about it.

“He willingly acquiesced. He put back the collar of his dark-blue velvet and gold gown, and took from his neck, from underneath his clothes, the chain on which the talisman hung, and handed it to me. Your Majesty, it took away my breath. In my wonder and excitement, I dropped the whole thing rattling into my plate, to the great amusement of the brothers; but none of the other gentlemen at table took notice of the rattle, but only talked the louder, almost as though they were brawling.

“The chain on which the talisman hung was the handsomest and the thickest I have ever seen; but it was the talisman itself which struck me with such amazement. It was an oblong sapphire, close on three inches in length, which was attached to the chain by the slender thread of gold which went round it, and which could scarce-

ly be called a setting. It was a water-worn sapphire, having over nearly the whole of its surface a frosted pale blue colour; in one place only had it been touched by the jeweller's wheel. On one side only of it, a space of some half an inch, had been cut flat and polished, and through this shining surface you could look down into the wine-dark depths of the greatest jewel which the world has ever seen."

"This is a good tale," said the King, "a wondrous good tale. I like much these great jewels in a tale. They cost the teller nothing, and the hearer feels as though they belonged to him, or, at least, that he had seen them. Give me jewels in a tale. They are better than dragons."

"But this is every word of it true, your Majesty," said Sir Henry.

"Did ever any one accuse *thee* of being able to invent a tale for thyself? Thou hast no talent that way. My grandsire sent no minstrels or jongleurs on his errands. That diamond on thy finger would show that these Venetians have jewels such as we have never seen. The story is a good story, but the worse for being true. Canst thou not invent aught? Go on."

"I asked him, then," continued Sir Henry, "his

tale about this jewel, and he told it to me. I will pass by that tale and come to the end of mine."

"At thy peril," said the King. "It may be a better tale than thine own, for aught I know. Tell it."

Sir Henry Mallory put his hands slightly abroad, and bowed his head gently, as though he would say, "If you choose to be bored, it is not my fault," and after this courtier-like protest, went on to tell Signor Nicolo's story.

"It is a mistake to suppose, dear Englishman," said Signor Nicolo, "that my friend Kublai Khan was the son of Octai. On the contrary, he was his youngest nephew save one.

"Mangu, his brother, was son of Tuli, and was left young with an only sister, to whom he was deeply attached; gave her in marriage to the Emperor of India, Conon the First, and took his, the Emperor's sister, as his bride in exchange.

"He had never seen this lady until she arrived at Campion, the day before their nuptials. Mangu became deeply in love with her, and from all I could gather from those old men, who in my time were still about the court of Kublai Khan, and who remembered her, there was no wonder at it. She was a most peerless

body. But beauty does not save from death, and before they had been married seven months this beautiful lady died.

“Mangu was inconsolable. He made a vow before the small household idol, an idol which corresponds among the Tartars to the Lares or Penates of the Romans, Signor Mallory, that he would never look on the face of woman again. He kept his vow religiously, as religiously as any of our churchmen, with the hope of immortality before them, keep it. He was a heathen, and had no such hopes, but he kept his vow, and he died without issue.

“When he felt death was creeping on him he began to feel anxious about his successors. The wife of Conon, the elder King of India, had now three beautiful sons, Ganlu, Camul, and Kublai. Mangu wrote a letter to Conon, begging that in brotherly love he would send him his three youths, and that he would give him the one he should choose to fill the throne of Tartary.

“The King Conon wrote, saying, “Choose between them;” and the three princes were started on their journey with the greatest magnificence. What need to dwell on the elephants and the camels, the horses, the rich presents which were sent? Read any eastern tale, Sir

Henry, and fill up the gap according to your own imagination.

“The great procession which accompanied these three princes took a year in reaching Mangu’s capital. Many delays took place from flooded rivers, from snow-storms, and other accidents of travel, such as I have related to my friends in this hall in recounting my own travels until my tongue has grown weary. Many lives were lost, the camels most of them died, but the elephants and the horses arrived towards the end of the year, within a day’s walk of the capital of Mangu. There, for the first time, they met with his emissaries. Hitherto, since coming into the dominions of the Khan, they had had no credentials save the golden plate which he had sent with his ambassador. This had been enough; the mere showing of it had been sufficient for each governor of every province through which they had passed. The whole resources of each province had been put at their disposal, but they had hitherto had no personal recognition. At this point, with the towers of the capital in sight, they were met by ten thousand cavalry on white horses, each common man clothed in cloth of silver and blue velvet, and the officers clothed in cloth of gold and crimson satin.”

"Beat me that fool," cried the King, in extreme anger. "Bang me that fool on his pate, with a flagon. Cut me his ears. Percy, spawn of the devil, why laughest thou? Can I not hear my tale without this indecent laughter? It comes from the incredible babble of that fool there. What said he, Percy? I will know, by — (go to Chaucer for an oath) Speak, Sir.

"He said only," replied that mischievous young rascal Percy, who ought to have been a midshipman, by-the-bye, and who was very much frightened at the King's manner,— "he said only that this Signor Nicolo of Venice was a better story-teller than Sir Henry Mallory: that we should have dragons anon now, and mayhap some unicorns and a phoenix if we gave Sir Henry time."

"Turn the fool out," cried the King; and the fool went out by one door, ran down the lower ward to the curfew tower with a face of dismay, told a drunken old warder that the castle was on fire, and persuaded him to ring the alarm bell, aroused all the townsfolk of Windsor, (who came swarming into the middle ward to render assistance); and long before Sir Henry's story was finished stepped back again by a door behind the dais, and, with a sanctimonious air, quietly took a chair behind the King, beside his confessor,

as he did so passing his finger three or four times round the crown of his head in an impertinent allusion to the reverend gentleman's tonsure.

“‘The three princes,’” continued Sir Henry, “‘were met by this splendid cavalcade, the commander of which, clothed in——’”

“‘Let that pass,” said the King. “Let us have no more tailor's bills, sweet Sir Henry.”

“‘——told them that they were to be conducted into the town the next morning in the greatest state, but that Mangu Khan desired that they would house where they were for the night. The apartments set aside for them were very homely, after what they had been accustomed to in India, but they all three acquiesced with a good grace.

“‘At twelve o'clock that night,’ said Signor Maffeo, ‘Ganlu, the oldest prince, sitting alone in his room, among his books, heard a knock at his door. His servant, timidly appearing, announced that an old priest would speak to him.

“‘A Nestorian, I doubt, or a Mahomedan,’” said Ganlu, looking up from his books.

“‘A priest of our own faith,’ said the servant.

“‘The priest was shown in, humbly dressed, but a noble-looking old man.

“‘What wouldst thou, my father?’ said Prince Ganlu.

“‘I have here a talisman,’ said the priest, showing him the talisman which you hold in your hand, Signor Mallory, ‘which will enable you to win the love of your uncle, and to succeed to the throne of Tartary. I would know what you would offer me for it.’

“‘Dost thou believe, dear father,’ said Ganlu, ‘in commandment xc.?’

“‘Not I,’ said the old priest.

“‘Dost thou then believe,’ retorted Ganlu, ‘that any man can come to salvation, save through our faith?’

“‘I must certainly believe it,’ said the old priest. ‘But what wilt thou give me for my talisman?’

“‘The curse of Kehama fall on thee and thy talisman, thou heretic! Depart!’

“‘So he departed from the prig Ganlu, and went on to the drunkard, Camul. Camul had not only gotten himself disguised in liquor, but his servants also. The old priest found them all uproarious, and was hustled in before the presence of the Prince by a dozen grooms and courtesans, somewhat more drunk than the Prince himself, who was drunk enough. He delivered his message.

“‘I bring you here a talisman which shall secure your succession to the throne of Tartary. What will you give me for it?’

“‘Sit down and drink, you old fool,’ cried Prince Camul. ‘Make me this old fool drunk, you fellows,’ cried Camul, ‘We will bargain afterwards.’

“‘But the old fellow escaped them, and went to the lodgings of Kublai, to see what mart he could get there for his talisman.

“‘The whole building was wrapped in darkness, but the old man passed quietly in, picking his way through the sleeping attendants by the light of a few dim lamps, which were still left burning, until he came to the chamber of the sleeping Kublai, whom he shook by the shoulder, saying once more, ‘Prince, arise! I have here a talisman which shall give thee the Khanate of Tartary.’

“‘May the great fiend seize the Khanate of Tartary! I had as lief you made me whipper to the madmen in India. Avaunt!’

“‘Yet, see my talisman.’

“‘Thou and thy talisman! Thou prating old knave, is there not a time for all things; and is not this the time for sleep? Harow! Wala! there!—Push me forth this old fool; yet use him gently, youths. If the gods bless you, your curls will some day be grey and thin as his locks are now.

Good night, thou foolish old person. Here is money for thee.'

"The old priest was gently and kindly pushed out by the young warriors in attendance, and disappeared. The next day the cavalcade moved on into the town, and at the palace the three youths were brought into the great hall of council, and among fifteen hundred warriors, sitting in all his awful magnificence, was Mangu, mightiest sovereign of the earth, grandson of the mightier Ginghis.

"And when they saw that he was none other than the old priest, their hearts failed them. Here was a to-do indeed! The eldest had consigned him to condemnation as a heretic; the second had insulted him, and had wanted to make him drunk; and the third had called him an old fool and turned him out of the house. India was a year's journey away. Was there no hope? They looked round; the serried ranks had closed in on all sides, and the infuriated Khan had descended from the throne and was advancing towards them.

"Face it out like men,' Kublai had time to say, when the Khan was upon them. He smiled sweetly to them and held out his hands. 'I see three pairs of my sweet sister's eyes,' he said. 'Ganlu, thou art scholarly and wise. Camul, thou art

a merry companion. You two shall stay with us a time, and carry presents back to our brother. Kublai, you know that there is a time and a season for all things. You know the reverence due to grey hairs; you go home no more. Henceforth thou art Khan of Tartary."

"And immediately he had spoken these words," continued the fool, behind Sir Henry Mallory, with the most perfectly absurd imitation of his voice and manner—"four thousand three hundred and seventy-six golden trumpets began to play, each one a different tune, and played until dark, so that the day was spent in harmony. This Cubley Khan, your Grace, and my very sweet and gentle masters all" (here came a grin and a bow even more ridiculously like Sir Henry's than the voice in which the fool spoke), "was own brother to Cubley, the bear-warden of Southwark, who last year, coming home disguised in drink, was refused entry by his wife, and went to bed with his bears; since when naught has been seen of him. Gallant and noble knights, this is all my tale."

"'Tis a merry fool," said the King, laughing; "you must forgive him, Sir Henry."

"I will when I have done laughing at the knave," said Sir Henry, good-humouredly. "Now I come to the more serious part of my story."

"Now hath Sir Henry finished fooling, and beginneth to be serious," shouted the fool with the voice of a herald.

"Quiet, dear gossip," said Sir Henry. "I will make thee weep ere I've done, even now;" and there were no more interruptions.

"Such was the story of Signor Nicolo, your Grace, about the talisman which I still hold in my hand. It was, he went on to tell me, the very talisman which Mangu Khan had carried in his hand, as an excuse, when he went at night in the disguise of a priest, to see his three nephews, as they really were. At this moment the talisman was gently taken from my hand by Giovanni Doria, the Genoese gentleman prisoner who sat on my left. I saw that my part in the play was done, and I sat back, while Doria leant over me and Signor Maffeo, and entered into eager conversation with old Signor Nicolo. I wondered much what was to follow, and I looked round. All the guests were sitting perfectly silent, looking steadily at us; and I noticed, moreover, that a great crimson silk curtain had been let down in the arch which divided the banqueting-hall from the first of the great galleries which I have described, and which now blocked the view of the first gallery from us. We were

shut in together by that curtain which filled the arch. What was to come from behind that curtain I could not guess. I had ears for the conversation of Signor Doria and Signor Nicolo, but my eyes were on the curtain.

“Signor Doria, leaning over me, began a sharp eager conversation with Signor Nicolo. I could see now, that whatever of a secret there was, Signor Maffeo was not in it; he was as puzzled as I was. And I may now remark, your Grace, that the whole of these Venetian gentlemen, on that night, and on every other occasion, showed a fineness of breeding, a giving up of themselves to others, a consideration of other's wishes and hopes, such as one never sees in this dear England of ours. But of all the gentlemen, Signor Doria of Genoa was the finest. If he had been the old man's son, instead of a prisoner of war, he could not have shown a finer courtesy. He, with the talisman in his hand, began the conversation across me. I leant back, watching all parties.

“‘You have not told us yet,’ said Signor Doria, ‘how you became possessed of this talisman, my dear father.’

“‘It is not mine,’ said the old man, with a sigh. ‘It is my glorious son's. Kublai Khan gave it to him after his return from his mission to Caracan. When your uncle Lampa took him

prisoner, I wore it myself as a relic of my poor boy, whom I am never to see again. Your uncle Lampa was my dear friend when we were boys at Genoa, before this weary wandering began. Why has he not sent me my boy back, dear Giovanni?’

“‘This talisman has magical properties, has it not?’ said Doria. ‘May I look into it?’

“‘Fools say that it will show the past and the present, but not the future,’ said Signor Nicolo. ‘Any talisman would do that, I think. I only want my boy. I am a-weary of waiting. Let me look upon his face and die.’

“Doria had got the sapphire between his face and Signor Nicolo’s, and was looking over it at the old man, with his great grey eyes. A more beautiful face, or more beautiful eyes, I shall never see again, your Grace, until I see Doria’s in heaven. ‘I will look into this jewel, dear father,’ he said, ‘and I will tell you what I see. The past and the present, saidst thou? I will tell thee what I see.’

“‘Go on, then, if the humour takes thee,’ said the old man, smiling. ‘Canst thou see my boy’s face? That were the bravest sight of all.’

“‘I see,’ said Doria, who was not looking into the jewel at all, but watching the old man—‘I see two gentlemen, wandering on through woods,

mountains, towns of people, so strange that I know not of their nation—year after year towards the east. And with them I see a youth, with whose beauty none living may compare; and they have wandered so long that the youth has grown into a man. At first into a young man, whose laughing eyes sparkle at each new wonder on his wondrous wayside; but at last, before his journey is ended, into a solemn man, a statesman, a king among all the kings of the earth—a man before whose gentle and wise counsels wild war dies into silence, and treason and anarchy give way to loyalty and peace.'

"'Thou readest truly enough,' said the old man, weeping. 'Who could not read this of my son? But ah! the bitter present!'

"'I follow this young man, now middle-aged, on his glorious career. I have seen in this stone twenty-six years of his life. I see him wearying of his noble work among the nations who know not God, and pining for his own beautiful Venice. I see him persuading the two old gentlemen, who are with him, to return, and I see them return.'

"'Ah, weary day!' said Signor Nicolo.

"'Now I see a sea-fight, in shallow waters. And I hear the cries of the victorious Genoese galleys, and they cry, "Doria! Doria!" and then

they sail away, and two old men are left wailing on the shore.'

"Signor Nicolo bowed his head.

"Then I see the palaces at Genoa, my own dear home. And I see the man we speak of courted, caressed, loved by high and low. A prisoner, truly, such a prisoner as am I, but with the court of a prince. That is what I see.'

"That is all the past and the present,' interposed solemn Signor Maffeo, 'I could see that. Thou canst not see the future, dear Doria. They who said that that talisman could show the future, lied. What more dost thou see of the present?'

"I see nothing more,' cried Doria, casting the noble jewel down with a dash, 'but I hear. I hear footsteps. I hear them coming towards us. Up the staircase, through the corridor, through gallery after gallery towards us. And those footsteps are the footsteps of the Arbiter of Cathay, and he is here!'"

"I, your Grace," said Sir Henry Mallory to Edward the Third, "had begun to guess what was coming, but very dimly. I, therefore, hearing every word which Doria spoke, looked steadily at the crimson curtain which filled the arch, knowing by instinct that the secret would be

read by that curtain. Not another Venetian gentleman looked towards it, though some of them were young, and, of course, curious. As I said before, your Grace, their manners are better than ours.

“But at a certain point in Signor Doria’s conversation, I saw that I had not looked in vain. The curtain was raised at one corner, and a man came in and stood perfectly silent and still before it, looking towards us, who were at the upper end of the table. He was a very tall man, with a large brown beard, not shaved according to the Venetian fashion of the time, but growing large and loose. He was clothed entirely from head to foot in white satin, with a few slashes of amber-coloured velvet here and there; and from his left shoulder hung a short amber-coloured velvet cloak. One could, in these colours, see him well with the crimson satin curtain behind him: he stood perfectly still and silent, as I said, and I knew in a moment that I was looking on the immortal MARCO POLO!

“I left feasting my eyes on him at once. I had seen him. My grandchildren could say now, ‘Our grandsire saw Marco Polo at Venice, after his return from captivity at Genoa.’ I turned to the group on my right. Doria sank back in his chair, saying, ‘I hope it has not killed him!’

Dandalo, who had been talking ship-talk all the evening, on the left side of the Poli, came up and said, 'What ho! Signor Nicolo, thy son is come back!' But we could not rouse the old man for some time. We brought up Marco Polo himself, but the old gentleman did not know him at first. When he did, he kissed him, and asked him where he had been. The whole plot was a failure, as it seemed to us, after all the pains we had taken. Marco Polo knelt at his father's knees, and took his head on his shoulder. There was the brown beard of the one and the white beard of the other intermingling, and the blue velvet and gold of Signor Nicolo's dress was intermixed with the white satin and amber of Signor Marco (a strange picture, your Grace), with all the brilliant dress and jewellery of Venice crowding round. Every one stood perfectly silent; Maffeo alone weeping. Since the world began, your Grace, I doubt if a nobler company was ever assembled; there were twenty-nine of the most richly dressed men in Europe crowding round the old man and his son, who were in one another's arms after their weary separation, and whilst we looked on, we were joined by another."

"And who was he?" said King Edward the Third.

"Death, your Majesty. Marco Polo, after a time, half rose, and looked into his father's face, and then gently laid him back in his chair, and closed his eyes. He turned his noble presence round on us, and said, 'Gentlemen, I have been bravely welcomed back to Venice. The conqueror of all conquerors has come to greet me.'

"And that was the only time you ever saw him," said the King. "Now describe to us what manner of man he was."

"He was," said the fool, with his former imitation of Sir Henry, "as like my Lord Mortimer as two peas. I mean as my Lord Mortimer was fifty years ago, when he was younger, and not so ill-looking. I——"

At this moment a grave old gentleman approached the King.

"May it please your Grace, my Lord Mortimer humbly, and of his duty, prayeth you incontinent to send him your fool, to answer certain matters."

"Thou lunatic!" said the King, "what hast thou been doing?"

"Your Grace's fool has roused the townsfolk," said the old gentleman.

"Bid them go to bed again," said the King.

"But the townsfolk have aroused your Grace's mother, the Queen," said the old gentleman.

"The devil," said the King. "Thou unlucky fool! what hast thou been doing?"

"I did but tell a mournful story, like Sir Henry Mallory," said the fool, fairly aghast at having aroused the 'she-wolf of France from her lair.' "I did but tell the warder that the castle was a-fire, and bid him ring the bell. I am lost," continued the reckless man, "unless with your Grace's protection. It will be a worse business than Berkeley."

For one moment after these terrible words the poor young King stood ghastly white, licking his dry lips, and making as though he would swallow something down his choking throat. But he was a king, and he swallowed it. In less than a minute he spoke again.

"Fly, fool, fly! Get sanctuary at Eton. Tell my mother that my fool is not here. I will be with her directly. To bed, gentlemen, to bed. Sir Henry Mallory, I thank you for your story."

NOTE.—The Printer's Devil, who is going in for a scholarship at Christchurch, would be very happy to know what the author means by taking such astounding liberties with the pedigree of the Great Mogul family; more particularly as the P. D. is indebted to him in another work for a very correct pedigree of those rascals.

Author to P. D.: The necessities of fiction are unavoidable. Look at Scott, and don't abuse *me*.

JACKSON OF PAULS.

PART I.

"It is a terribly fast college," said Mrs. Jackson to the Dean of Crediton as they lay in bed together one night; "it is getting a very bad name. Mr. Dickson, who was senior proctor last year, said that it had the worst name for riotous conduct in the whole university; he said that quiet men were afraid to walk past the gate, because the men dropped champagne bottles on the pavement, which exploded just in front of the feet of passers-by."

"My dear," said the Dean, "I have done that trick with an empty bottle a hundred times; it is perfectly safe if you calculate the distance: all you have got to look to is the pace your man is walking, and to put it well in front of him and not hit him on the head. I don't see any harm in that."

Mrs. Dean sniffed and went on with her accusation: "Then they caught one of the marshal's men, who was posting a notice on the buttery door rather late, and they forced ice-cream down his throat with spoons, until he roared for mercy, and has had neuralgia ever since."

"Serve him right," said the Dean. "The marshal's men have no right inside our gates; the notices are always posted by the porter. In my time I'd have——"

"Never mind what you would have done, Mr. Dean; spare me if you please," said Mrs. Dean. "I suppose that you approve of their getting over the master's garden wall, stealing his cabbages, and planting them in rows in the turf in quad, with their pokers; I shall hear of your approving of that next, I suppose. Perhaps you would like the minor canons and the choristers to do the same by you."

"Well, I don't uphold that," said the Dean, who was a great gardener. "Of course they oughtn't to do that; but a cad can't exist in that college, if he ever gets in, — the men are all gentlemen."

"Do you call it gentlemanly to steal cabbages, Dean?"

"They did not steal them, my love," said the Dean, "they did not put them to any improper use—or at least they made no use of them," he added, correcting himself.

"I consider that cabbages are not grown to be planted on grassplots," said Mrs. Jackson.

"My dear, boys will be boys," said the Dean, "and they have had four first classes in this

year, and are head of the river. By George—I meant St. George, my love—how I laughed when I saw the dear lads go dancing away ahead of Balliol. No, no, my love, he will come to no harm there.”

“There have been eighteen rustications in two terms,” said Mrs. Jackson.

“Well, my dear,” said the Dean, “there were about as many when I was there, and the college has turned out ME!”

There was no use for the good-natured lady to continue the argument any further; she only laughed and said that she wished Charles was going anywhere else.

Charles Jackson was following fairly in his father's footsteps, and there was every appearance of his taking a first-rate position in the world. At the great school of Stevedon, almost the greatest in all England, the cleverest masters said that he was a boy who would “do” before he had been there a week. Among the other boys of his own age he was a little king, and very soon gainedt he respect of the senior boys by his talents and his manly bearing; he went through the school like a lord, taking at one examination more prizes than he could carry, as many as Prince Giglio in “the Rose and the Ring” ever got; he left that school captain, and

his name is fondly remembered there now by the older masters.

When he went to that school he met another new boy, and in the confusion of the new comers that boy and he were thrown together in the junior dormitory. Here, for the first time, all the new boys were overhauled, and their names asked. Charles Jackson was passed without any particular comment, for he was excessively cool and strong, and looked quite the match for any boy in the room; but when his ordeal was over the other boy, with whom Charles had made a slight acquaintance, without asking his name, was had up before the conclave on the biggest boy's bed, and he was asked his name. He was as big and as bold as Charles, and he answered quite quietly and coolly,—

“Lord Edward Deverest,”

“Oh, this one's a lord,” said one of them.

“Here's a lark! Who is your father?”

“Lord Eyre.”

“How much money have you got, my lord?” said the biggest boy, sarcastically.

“Three-and-sixpence,” the boy answered, with the most perfect coolness; and added, “that must last me to the end of the half, so I shall take care of it.”

There were yells of laughter and wild dances

round the lord with the three-and-sixpence, but Charles, slipping on his trousers, ducked in among them and laid his hand on Lord Edward's shoulder.

"You snobs and cowards," he said, "ridiculing a boy because he has no money. Come, we two will fight any four in the room, won't we, you other boy?"

Lord Edward Deverest thought highly of the arrangement, but no other four seemed to see their way to it, and so, after a few growlings from the senior boys (the eldest of whom had not been there a year) about cocky youngsters, our pair were allowed to go to bed unmolested; and during the whole of the school career the notorious impecuniosity of Lord Edward Deverest was never once alluded to. He never went in debt, and never borrowed. Once Charles, who was an only son, and very rich, begged him to borrow the money from him to buy a new bat on which Lord Edward had set his heart. On that one occasion the lad borrowed the money of Charles, and instantly wrote to his father to say what he had done, adding that nothing but *extreme emergency* would have caused him to do such a thing, for that the bat would have been gone the next day; by return of post Lord Eyre sent back the money, but not one farthing extra.

A short time after he met the Dean in society, and said to him —

“My son borrowed fifteen shillings of yours the other day, Mr. Dean. I have paid it back without a word, because I want to teach my young rascal economy. I am poor enough in all conscience, and Northcot” (his eldest son) “being blind and unable to take his place in the world, Edward will have next to nothing.”

These two went through school together. This poverty of Lord Edward kept him from a great deal of the society of the school, because many of the amusements were very expensive, and Lord Edward would have nothing for which he could not pay. This fact threw him almost entirely on the society of Charles Jackson, and the two boys had that boy-love for one another which I hope none of our readers have forgotten in the turmoils of life: there is no love except the love of a good woman which surpasses it in purity and in the incitement to noble deeds. Lord Edward was very clever, but not quite so clever as Charles Jackson, yet his diligence was such that they ran a kindly race with one another: when the Erle scholarship was competed for, the matter seemed to lie between Lord Edward and Charles. Charles won.

Lord Edward's tutor had him into his private

room, and said "Deverest, what a horrible mess you have made."

"Well, sir, I could not help it."

"It is your Latin prose has ruined you, and would ruin any tutor's reputation, sir. You put 'dicebit' for the future of 'dico.'"

"I did it on purpose, sir," he said, looking stubborn.

"In the name of confusion, why?"

"Can I trust you not to tell?"

"Of course," said the tutor.

"I did it to lose the scholarship. Charles Jackson is the only friend I have in the world, and I think he is glad he has got it. I did not know how the thing was going, for I am better than him in mathematics, and so I muckered my Latin prose."

The tutor said not one word, but he tapped the lad on the shoulder, and sent him out of the room.

So came the end of school and the parting. Lord Eyre was terribly poor, and had been saving hard, poor gentleman, to keep Lord Edward at the university, in hopes that he might make a great name and get into office. The loss of the scholarship determined him; he wrote to his son:

“DEAR LAD, — Better luck next time, but you must go into the army; you have done well and nobly, but your mother and I have talked over matters, and you must prepare your mind for the Grenadier Guards. Come home, my boy, and bring Charles Jackson with you,

“EYRE.”

So it came about that while the Dean and his wife were disputing in bed about Charles being entered at another college (Charles had been already entered at Paul's), the two lads were amusing themselves at Eyre Castle.

Lord Eyre was a lean and worn gentleman of the middle age, bitterly poor for his station, paying everyone their last penny, but often trudging home from the House of Lords to his lodging through the mud to save the expense of a cab. He said once at the foreign minister's dinner to a young nobleman, “My lord, my daughter Edith is dressed very much by the money which I save in cabs and cigars.”

“But you are a great smoker,” said Lord Desmoulins (he was an advanced Radical, and claimed collateral kinship with the great Camille Desmoulins of the Revolution).

“Yes, my lord, but I smoke pipes; and to tell the truth I always drink beer, when I can get it, in preference to wine. I drink Mr. Michael

Bass's beer, my lord, a most respectable man whose acquaintance I have the honour to have made. It has been urged against him in a late election that he is a brewer, a fact which he cannot deny, but further than that there is nothing against his character."

Lord Desmoulins, the extravagant dandy Radical, ventured no more words, but asked after Lady Edith Deverest.

"She is quite well, and will appear rather later this season in consequence of one of my tenants having died, and of my refusing to push his widow for the rent. I had only eighteen pounds to come to town with myself."

This Lord Eyre, with the heart and head of a gentleman, the body of a giant, and the kindness of a Pantagruel, was the justest, kindest, and best loved landlord in the county. Poor as he was, no man ever dreamt of seeking a farm on any other man's estate, if there was one to be had on his. The people called him "the good lord," and although on economic grounds he smoked tobacco and drank Bass's beer, he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the land, and his house was most refined and perfectly *mise* for twenty miles round.

"There is my father," said Lord Edward to Charles as they got out at the station. "God

bless his sweet heart! he's getting younger every year. He has brought over the waggonette, and I'm blessed if there is not Edith sitting in it. Here Tom, Tom, see after the luggage. Charley, let me run on." And in less than a minute the young gentleman had bounced into the waggonette and was exchanging kisses with his father and sister.

Charles came up and was welcomed.

"Now," said my lord, "we have got the young rascal who has robbed my son of his scholarship. Now we have him, and we will put him in the dungeon under the keep. Mind he does not bolt, Tom," he added to the groom.

The groom laughed so pleasantly that Charles came to the conclusion that Lord Eyre was a good master. He looked at Lord Eyre, and gave his word of honour that he would not make any attempt to escape. While they were laughing he turned, and for the first time in his life saw Lady Edith.

It was all over at once. There was no doubt about the matter. In Lady Edith he saw the friend of his heart, his boy-love, transformed into a beautiful young woman, the flash of whose eyes sent his blood tingling about his ears. The creature he had loved best in the world had been Lord Edward, and he was repeated in his

sister. It was all over at once: there was no mistake about it: that woman or death—that woman or ruin.

To all honest men this matter will come sooner or later: what I say is, the sooner the better. In this particular case, however, the young lady had been to a certain extent prepared for the arrival of her brother's friend. He had written to her about him for four years, and had extolled him as a marvel of learning and diligence. He had confided to her the fact that he was doubtful about Charles's mathematics, and that he had deliberately muckered his own Latin prose, and she had congratulated herself on the nobility of her brother. She had expected to see a pale-faced young bookworm; the lad she saw was one of the grandest and noblest lads ever seen.

"He is more beautiful than my brother," she thought.

And he thought, "She is far handsomer than her brother."

Now this is not a love-making story; it is a simple matter-of-fact little story of no pretensions whatever, limited as to space (for our editor stands no nonsense, and I do not blame him), so I will just say this: Three weeks afterwards Charles Jackson had his arm round Lady Edith's

waist in the conservatory. And if you do not know what that means you had better try it by experience. The fact is they were engaged; with only the father to get over.

"You had better go to papa," she said.

"I think I had." And he went to papa.

Lord Eyre was busy at his accounts. "What do you want, my dear Charles?" he said, briskly and cheerfully.

"I am in love with Lady Edith, sir," blurted out Charles.

"I don't see my way to it, my lad," said Lord Eyre. "It won't do."

"Can't you? as we are both plain speakers, my lord, give me a trial, and see how I do at the university?"

Lord Eyre hesitated; but at the end he said, "No, the thing must be finished and ended." He would not even give him a trial. "Have you spoken to her?" he added.

"Yes, my lord."

"And she?"

"She said yes, my lord."

"Well, come back with a good degree this time three years, and we will think of it."

"May I see her before I go, my lord?"

"You may see her as much as you like as long as you stay; and as for the letters you

write to her, you may write as many as you like, and her mother shan't look at them. I am going to write one now, so good night."

His lordship wrote:—

"DEAR DEAN,—Your son has proposed to my daughter. I am utterly opposed to the matter altogether, for I believe she would have Lord Atterly, who will be home from the Mediterranean next week. If your son does well within the next three years, I shall have no objection further to offer.

"EYRE."

The Dean wrote:—

"MY LORD,—I am perfectly astounded at what you tell me. The ungrateful audacity of my son in proposing marriage at the age of nineteen has filled me with dismay. At my death my son will have nearly 80,000*l.* first and last, and the idea of his daring to propose marriage without consulting me is absolutely preposterous. I have ordered him home by this post."

Lord Eyre wrote:—

"DEAR DEAN,—You had better keep your breath to cool your porridge. I am a very poor man, because I have to pay off some heavy

mortgages; but I shall be a rich man, if I live, in ten years. Northcot will have no children, and I am going to send Edward into the Guards, where, if I am any judge of politics, he stands a good chance of having his head broke. I won't have the matter broken off entirely, unless she accepts Atterly. If she does that, it is all over between us. I am at present a poor man, and I want to keep two strings to my bow. Your son will be a very good second string, and I believe that the girl likes him better than she does Atterly.

“EYRE.”

It was all over for the present, and Charles went to Paul's, while Lord Edward went into the Guards. Sometimes Lord Edward would come to Paul's and have a boisterous day and night, and sometimes Charles would get leave from the head of his house to go to London, and have a rather boisterous day in Birdcage Walk. On one occasion, I remember, he missed the last train, and the kindly Guardsmen invaded the Paddington station and chartered a special engine for him. He got to his destination at a quarter past two. It is not true that he knocked up the vice-chancellor to explain the delay. It was Giggles of the Fusileers who did that, and the vice-

chancellor pointed out to him in a neat speech that he was not sober (which was actually the fact). The Guardsmen telegraphed up the line, and then went back on the engine at half-past three. Where are they now? Rotting on Crimean hillsides.

Charles was the steadiest of youths. He certainly caught it most fearfully at collections for this engine escapade: all his dons had a turn at him one after the other; but his diligence was so great, and his escapades were so few, that he got off pretty easily; the more so as they had previously whetted their teeth on one Charles Ravenshoe, a very bad character, who had come up just before, and had caught it hot and heavy. The fact of the matter was that the dons saw a prospective first in Charles Jackson, and they liked firsts at Paul's. Making a first out of Charles Ravenshoe was a hopeless thing, but Charles Jackson was a very hopeful subject, and a proper amount of wiggling might do it. The master said that really and truly, when all was said and done, he did not see much wrong in the young man's collections. His papers were simply admirable, and his "viva voce" was as good as he had ever heard.

The Dean said that his papers were good enough, and his "viva voce" good enough, but that if he

was going to make it a practice to come down in the dead of night on steam-engines with a parcel of howling drunken Guardsmen, he had better carry his talents elsewhere.

The bursar, no one ever knew why, said that his father was a most eminent man in the Church.

This exasperated the Dean, who said that some of the most troublesome cubs he had ever known had come from great Church families.

Charles got his caution from his first collections, and was very careful, working hard for the first three terms. His smalls were, of course, a day's holiday to him, but he wanted honours in moderation; there he was a certain first, in two schools. Everything was going well with him, when——

There came a letter from Lord Eyre:—

“DEAR LAD,— Cease corresponding with Edith. Conceive it to be all over. Atterly is come, and she will have him.

“EYRE.”

Consider it as all over! Certainly he had not heard of her for weeks. “They will break her heart, but I will not help,” the gallant lad said. “Oh, my darling, my darling!”

He had already rowed stroke in the torpid,

young as he was, and the torpid was a good one. He went to Jones, the captain and secretary, and he said—

“Jones, you only row well bow side.”

“Well, that is true, young one. I row three in the four now. What do you mean?”

“Try me as stroke of the four.”

Jones looked at him. “Can you mark your stroke, lad? You are very young.”

“Try me,” said Charles.

“You row well, but you are very inexperienced.”

“I’ll tear the d—d boat to pieces for strength,” said Charles.

“We don’t want the boat torn to pieces,” said Jones; “but you row before me and see what we can do. We ought not to go on at all; there is not a week to the race, and we are all mops and brooms. Urquhart is sick, and I cannot row stroke side. My lad, if you can give us a stroke well marked, we will take the boat from Chelsea to Hackney.”

They paddled down to the white tree, getting gently together. “See,” said Balliol and Exeter, “those Paul’s men have got their torpid stroke in their four.” And the cads betted six to four against Paul’s at Iffly, but the watermen at the University barge only would bet at evens.

For before starting from the white tree Charles

said, quietly, "I only want my stroke rowed up to, and if you can do it we must win, for I have the devil in me."

The watermen listened to the oars all clicking together, and made their arrangements at once. In times of extreme anguish the intellect gets quickened, and Charles's intellect was quickened now. He knew the stroke those men wanted, he had studied them from the bank day after day; he had seen that four long-backed men will never row well behind a short-backed stroke, and he gave them their will. As soon as they had stretched themselves he gave them a sharper stroke, and they answered to it in that short course. They came thundering up from the gut, in a way which made any speculation about the fours perfectly useless. Paul's raced down Pembroke and Exeter in an absurd manner, and Jones, the Paul's captain, said, "I will never distrust a youngster as stroke."

Must I go on? I fear so; there is so much mincing of matters now-a-days that real truth is nearly useless. After the race Charles went to the supper in the rooms of a man he hardly knew, and there and then, before the first lobster was eaten, he announced his intention of getting entirely drunk.

Jones, the captain, reasoned with him, but he

was not to be dissuaded. "I am going to get drunk—indeed, I am drunk now."

"But you have had nothing to drink," urged Jones.

"But I am drunk, and intend to be more so. I'll be a drunkard for the rest of my life, and I will die of delirium tremens. Confound it, our family is a good one, and we could buy him up ten times over. But he is a good fellow, and yet I have ten devils in me."

"Don't get drunk, old fellow," said the captain.

"Oh, you mean intoxicated. No, I have not come to *that* yet. But I am going to make hay."

"Don't be a fool," said the captain, in a whisper.

"Why not?" replied Charles; "a girl has made a fool of me. I will make a fool of myself. I say, you fellows, I want to know the number of your staircases. Jones, old boy, one word with you."

"Come here, old man," said the captain, gently.

"Jones, I am mad. I have been true to her, and during this last week, after her father cast me off, she has not written one solitary line. If she had written one solitary line to say that she loved me I would not have cared; but she is false, and I am mad!"

Jones (God bless thee, dear Jones, our old captain! shall I give thy name? no, for thou art a

country parson now) did not quite know what to say. He asked if insanity was congenital in the family, for he had been in for physical science, and knew what he was about.

"No," said Charles, "there is no madness in our family; but I am going to have a bonfire in quad. this very evening."

"I will punch your head if you try it," said the captain.

"Of course you can do it if you choose," said Charles; and so the matter ended for the time.

Now it so happened that Charles, who had announced his intention of getting drunk, took hardly anything to drink, and although he grew more boisterous and reckless as the hours went on, remained perfectly sober as far as stimulants were concerned. "One thing she shall never hear of me," he thought; "she shall never hear that I was drunk." But all this time, I regret to say, our beloved old captain insisted on drinking "bishop" in large quantities, and what with coming off training and with being half intoxicated with success at winning the fours before he began at the "bishop," he at about eleven o'clock began to look on Charles Jackson's idea of a bonfire in quad. as a very good one, and to wonder that he had not thought of it himself.

"You are a deuced clever fellow, Jackson,"

he said, in a loud voice, to no one in particular. "You are fit to be an arch-chancellor, I should say a vice-bishop. We'll do it, my lad."

"What shall we do?" shouted Jack Croft (No. 2).

"You are interrupting the chair, sir," said the captain; "you always are interrupting the chair. Hold your tongue, sir."

"Hang it, old chap," said Jack, "we are out of training, and a man may speak."

"A man may *not* speak, sir," said the captain, solemnly. "I believe that I am captain of the boat, sir; you will scarcely go as far, I take it, in your course of mendacious inebriety, as to deny that, sir."

"I never denied it," said Jack Croft, who saw that his chief had had more than was good for him, and who wanted to keep matters quite quiet.

"Very good, sir. I am captain of the eight, but I am *not* captain of the eleven. The captain of the eleven is a gentleman possessed of every Christian virtue; but he is doing his best to ruin the boat, and ruin this college in the eyes of Europe."

The captain of the eleven, who was present, said, "You had better go to bed, old chap."

"Not at all, sir," said the captain of the eight. "To a mind constituted like yours, sir, I should conceive that the spectacle of my being carried

to bed drunk, would give satisfaction. But I am not drunk, sir; I never am. You seduce my best men, sir, to your cricket—a most immoral game, sir—and leave me a widow and an orphan, comparatively speaking; have you no morality, sir? have you no thought about what I must feel? Why, only last term, sir, you spoilt the boat by carrying away young Dickson—you tore him shrieking from my arms, and instead of rowing a good seven in the boat, he was bowled out with five runs at Kennington. And you, calling yourself after that a man and a Christian, tell me to go to bed. Sir, I propose that we have a bonfire in quad.”

There was no hope of the captain after this, but his nonsense seemed contagious. What in broad daylight would have seemed a monstrous piece of folly, now seemed rather a smart piece of nonsense. It was odd to see Charles Jackson, the only perfectly sober man of the party, marshalling this outrageous and perfectly objectless act against law and order. He was the most persistent of the whole lot. Jack Croft told him to take care, and not to be too prominent; Dundas warned him about the same matter, like a cautious Scotchman; Livingstone the American pointed out to him that he had a career before him, and that he might better leave it to others;

O'Flaherty the Irishman, who loved him well, told him that he would see the bonfire through and the captain to bed, and take the consequences. But Charles Jackson said, quietly, to O'Flaherty, "A girl has sold me, and I am going to the devil," and O'Flaherty understood at once.

O'Flaherty and Charles had never been such hearty friends as they were now. "I'll be into it with you, lad: there'll be blazes own row, but save the captain. If there's a woman in the case, I'm your man. But the captain is drunk, and will think better of it on the morrow. We must save the captain."

Among all the young lunatics the Irishman was the most thoughtful. "We will have the divvle's own diversion," he said. "I have no reputation to lose, but you and the captain have. Come, go to your beds."

But Charles was perfectly desperate—he *wanted* to be rusticated. He and O'Flaherty ransacked the scout's holes and got the necessary faggots. The proceedings were very much interrupted by the captain, who insisted that no bonfire in quad. could be lucky unless it was fed by a freshman's tea-things; they accordingly went to the next freshman's door, broke it down with a coal hammer, and threw (under the captain's and O'Flaherty's directions) all his things out of window. I am

not exaggerating in the slightest degree. I would give chapter and verse for every word of this, and at the same time I would have let any lady I know walk unattended through the town, while I would not have let her walk through Bonn or through Paris.

The bonfire came off at eleven: a little before twelve there was a great riot at the porter's lodge. The captain had been carried to bed after trying to immolate himself on the ashes. His ground for this proceeding was that the quad. was Smithfield, and that he was a true Protestant so far as regarded the captain of the eleven. The Dean came out in his shirt and trousers, and said that if the porter could not keep the place quiet, he would do it himself. He then, after recognising two or three rioters, went to see the smouldering bonfire. The next morning there was a common room on Charles Jackson and O'Flaherty the Irishman.

"Could not you have spared Charles Jackson, Mr. Dean?" said the Master.

"No," said the Dean, "the boy has gone mad and must be brought to his senses. It is make a spoon or spoil a horn with him. I think there is a good chance with him; he has been disappointed about a woman; give him two terms,

Master, and he will come back again. I like a boy that will go to the mischief for a woman."

"And O'Flaherty?"

"O'Flaherty is an Irishman, and consequently a lunatic. But he is a fine fellow, and the time will come when the English and Irish heart will beat together. Don't send him down, Master, it would break his heart. Dear Master, whatever you do, don't send O'Flaherty down."

The young gentlemen were brought in at once. The Master asked Charles Jackson if he had anything to do with the gross breach of discipline which had occurred the night before.

"I am in reality the sole culprit," said Charles; "I egged the others on."

"Why?" said the Dean.

"I wanted to get rusticated, sir. You are a good man, Mr. Dean, and I tell you that I am half mad."

There was a flush on the Dean's face which had not been there for many years, when he said the to Master, "He must go down for two terms, Master." Master acquiesced, and down went Charles for two terms; and the Dean followed him out of the room.

"Don't be downhearted, old man," said the Dean when they were on the stairs; "go back and study with your father and come back to us."

Have I ever been harsh to you? if I have, forgive me. My poor boy, win her by work: you can do anything."

"Sir," said Charles, "she is going to be married."

And the Dean said, "The devil!" It was very wrong of him to do so, but he said it.

The Dean was much shorter and sharper with Mr. O'Flaherty than the Master supposed he would have been. The Dean, on returning to the common room, requested sharply to be informed whether English colleges were to be invaded by low Irish riff-raff; but Mr. O'Flaherty, seeing with the wonderful perception of his nation that the Dean meant no mischief, replied that "Begorra, he couldn't tell."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Only what I say, sir. I was sent here to be educated, and I'm having a beautiful education, the best part of which I have got from you. This is a fine University altogether, Mr. Dean; and if there is a bonfire in quad. now and then, why it's good for the gardeners. Put it to yourself, sir: you look out of window and see us making a bonfire, and we look up at your window and see you looking out at it. I'd bet my life, sir, that whenever we make a bonfire we shall find you looking out at it."

"It's no use rusticating the man, Mr. Master," said the Dean. "Gate him."

"That's not much," said the irrepressible Irishman; "I've been gated ever since I came here. I was gated two days after I came into residence, and my accumulations of gating have got so large that if the last trump sounds next Good Friday before nine, as Dr. Cumming says it will, I sha'n't be out of college."

"Don't talk that nonsense here, sir," said the Dean. "You are gated."

PART II.

CHARLES was very anxious about his father's reception of him, but there was no necessity for his anxiety at all; the College Dean's letter had gone before him. The College Dean's letter was so like himself that I give it:

"Don't scold this boy, it won't do. There is a woman in the case. Make him read with you: be kind to him, he is a splendid fellow."

I do not suppose that there was much need for this letter, but it had some effect, for the Dean of Crediton could scarcely have been well pleased at having his son rusticated. When Charles got out of his fly at the door of the Deanery, the Dean kissed him on both cheeks and said, "You young Gaby, what on earth did

you want to make a bonfire in quad. for? My dear lad, I will tell you the honest truth, I did the same thing in that very same college in 1806, but that was a political bonfire. I pointed out to the dons that we burnt Bonaparte in effigy after Austerlitz. You should have burnt the Emperor Nicholas in effigy, and you would only have been gated for two days."

Charles's mother, further than saying to the Dean that she had told the Dean what would occur if he went to that college, never more alluded to the matter, and so Charles was perfectly comfortable at home. His father and he had a long talk, and they agreed that this disaster would ruin all chances of his getting a first. "You see, my boy, that hard as you read with me I am past the age. I do *not know* the new art of cram, but let you and I go to the bottom of things. I am better in mathematics than in classics, and we will go in together on good sound solid *work*. I have such faith in the old University (never use that horrid word 'varsity, my lad; don't vulgarise the old place) that I feel sure some men are left there who will recognise it in the schools."

Father and son sat down to their labour of love in the old cathedral close. The Dean was rector of one of the parishes in the town, but

he took an additional curate, and explained the matter to the Bishop. "I am teaching my son, my lord," he said. "The poor in my parish are excellently tended, and shall suffer no harm in any way."

"Your son got into a scrape, did he not, Mr. Dean?" said the Bishop.

"Yes, my lord, and I want to get him out of it."

"Money?" said the Bishop in an indifferently inquiring way, spinning his eye-glass round and round.

"No, my lord, a woman," said the Dean.

"Hey, hey!" said the Bishop, "that's bad—that is a very sad pity indeed. The world looks lightly on a young man who has gone wrong with his money, particularly when there is a rich father to pay; but the world looks askance when there is a woman in the case. Has he married her?"

"The mischief is that she won't marry him," said the Dean.

"Some previous tenderness, I suppose," said the Bishop. "Is the young woman of the lower class?"

"My lord," said the Dean, "you are labouring under a mistake. The young lady in question is Lady Edith Deverest."

The Bishop gave a great start.

"She has refused him and he is desperate, my lord," continued the Dean.

"Oh, this will do, Dean. This will make a man of him, if we guide things rightly. Bring the boy to dinner at the palace. He is rusticated, is he not? What did he do?"

"Made a bonfire in quad. after the fours."

"Which he won, I remember," said the Bishop, with a somewhat guilty look. "I rather think that he is not the first member of his family who did that."

"He is not, my lord," said the Dean, roundly. "I remember a ladder which was used in getting into college when some people forgot the hour at Christ Ch——"

"Not another word, Dean; not another word. You said ladder, I think; bring your boy up the ladder of learning, and do not remember everything, because one man's memory is quite as good as another's. Keep the lad to his books, and we will see him through if he were to burn the college down. That young man Dickson is ill again, and we shall lose the best tenor in the anthem this afternoon, and I fear for ever. Choristers never make good tenors, so I never asked for a note out of that young man's head in

church till he was eighteen. He was Mrs. Bishop's pad groom, and foster-brother with my eldest boy, but he will die, Dean. With regard to your boy, keep him to his books, Dean."

"My lord."

"Bring your lad to see young Dickson after service. Let him see him in his bed; it will sober him."

"He will never sing any more," said the Bishop, with a sigh.

The Dean did not go to evensong that afternoon. He took Charles to see the young singer who was dying.

The Dean left Charles entirely to himself, and sat in a corner talking to the young man's mother. The Bishop was perfectly right, for even Charles could see that the young man would sing no more except in heaven. Charles did not know the meaning of those thin grasping fingers—fingers which seem always trying to grip the shore of time to avoid the sea of eternity. Charles had never seen death, had never seen a dying person. The young man asked him in a rattling whisper to raise him up; Charles did so, getting his body behind the young man's; and he sat so patiently for a quarter of an hour, with the young man's hand in his. The young man did not speak till after a few moments, and when he

did, he asked Charles to kiss him. Strange as it was to his habits, he did so. Almost immediately after came that strange quiver which no man used to hospitals ever forgets, and then the young man rolled off Charles's arm into the bed—dead!

Though he had never seen death before, he knew what had happened, and he called his father. The Dean closed the eyes before the wailing mother, but he did not wait to catch the Bishop as he came out from evensong; he stayed with his son to watch what the first effects of the sight of death would have on him.

“Father, I have had a great lesson,” said Charles. “Death looks beautiful like that. I wish that Edith had been there with us. Let us go home to our books.”

The Dean gave up his son's logic as hopeless after this, and considered him as ruined in that respect. But then it must be remembered that the Dean had not fallen in love for five-and-twenty years (when he courted Mrs. Dean), and that logic and love do not go together. Still there are measures in affairs, and the Dean could by no means understand why Charles Jackson should have wished Lady Edith to have been with him at the death of this young man. Perhaps he had forgotten that the highest and purest

form of sentimentalism crops up over a death-bed: almost as if the dead clay cried to Heaven for reproduction. A conceit—*cela va sans dire*. I have only to say that the Dean and Charles went away to their books.

Father and son worked away, and day by day the father saw that, great as his scholarship was, he was not up to the same time; he had to call up a lean young Minor Canon to their assistance, and after that they got on much better; but the three worked like horses, and made pretty good weather of it. The lean Minor Canon was eminently good at mathematics, having been educated at Cambridge, where he had been fifteenth wrangler, and had been glad to take a minor canonry with 250*l.* a year, and a wild chance of mathematical teaching. The Dean's classics were unimpeachable, and so Charles was not so very badly off; but the hopes of a first were extremely dim. "In fact," said the Dean to himself, "the idea is impossible: the loss of these two terms has ruined us utterly. I wish Lady Edith was at the bottom of the Red Sea. I wonder if he thinks of her."

The way that those three sat hour after hour and inked themselves was a great "caution," as an American would say. Sometimes they read the newspaper (the "Evening Mail" three times

a week), and they became gradually aware that a great European war was on hand, and that the allied troops had landed in the Crimea.

“But what does all this matter unto me,

Whose mind is filled with indices and surds,

$X^2 + 7x + 53$

$= 11/3?$ ”

as Lewis Carroll sings in “Phantasmagoria.”

Charles began now to take great interest in the war, a far greater interest than his father and the Minor Canon liked. Mr. Dean happened to speak to my lord bishop on the subject.

“My boy is not going on well, Bishop,” said the Dean.

“What is he doing *now*?” said the Bishop.

“Reading the newspaper about the war.”

“That is not unnatural,” replied the Bishop, “seeing that his sweetheart’s brother landed in the Crimea a fortnight ago.”

“It plays mischief with his work. His tutor says that he wishes me to stop the paper altogether.”

“Your tutor is no better than one deprived of understanding,” said the Bishop, angrily. “You must not make a fool of the boy; you should excite him about the war, he will work the better. Man, how I worked in the Waterloo year when

I thought that Laura would have had Petre sooner than me. I said to myself, if she cannot have one kind of honour laid at her feet she shall have another. Petre was killed at Mont St. Jean. Atterly has gone with his regiment, has he not?"

"Yes."

"That is against your boy's chance. All the women will be mad over the men of this campaign. Ha! I could tell you something if I chose."

"Well, tell it."

"Lady Edith would be very sorry if anything were to happen to Atterly, but I am not at all sure that she would break her heart."

"Does she not love him?" said the Dean, in a whisper.

"My dear soul, how can I possibly tell?" said the Bishop, petulantly. "Leave things alone and don't fuss. Will you intone Litany to-morrow morning? I wish you would. Your continual attention to this boy of yours makes people talk. You are neglecting the services, you very scandalous man."

The Dean intoned the Litany the very next day (it being Friday), perfectly unconscious that a Litany of quite another character had been previously intoned. In those days intelligence did not travel as fast as it does now, and the

Dean was totally unaware that the Guards had, before he sang a note, pressed up the hill beyond the Alma above the stream, had never gone back under the deadly fire of the glorious Russians, but had gone on. The Dean had no idea, I say, of what *had* happened, but had some kind of idea of what *might have* happened. When he came to the 'most affecting passage in the most beautiful service used by any Church he began to waver. He was a man worthy of *feeling* the Litany; and he began to waver at this point, though he had been singing splendidly before:

"That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water;" and here he suddenly thought of Lord Edward Deverest. He got through the passage about women labouring with child, sick persons, and young children, but when he came to "all prisoners and captives," the organ went on, but the Dean stopped: and a very sharp chorister says that he never took up the intoning until he came to "our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers," and that the rain must have been coming in through the north window, for that the Dean's book was spotted with water. Well, after all, it was only his own boy's boy-love—the boy dearest to his son after that boy's sister—who might be prisoner or worse. A man amny surely be allowed a tear over his prayer-

book, when one of those who is dearest to his own dearest is likely to be lying dead.

"Why did you stop in Litany this afternoon, father?" said Charles.

"I thought of Edward, my dear," said the Dean, wearily.

"Father, let me go as war correspondent or something. I shall go mad like this."

"No," said the Dean most emphatically, "you will stay where you are. You could not do the slightest good to the country. You must stay here and keep to your books. Do you think that all victories are won by war? You shall go to the next one, but you shall not go to this."

"But Edward?"

"How in the name of confusion could you help Edward if you did go?"

This was unanswerable, because there did not happen to be any answer to it. The Dean, the Minor Canon, and Charles sat down to their books again; but the Minor Canon had a heap of trouble with Charles, who began to give him theorems in mathematics which, as the Minor Canon pointed out with tears to the Dean, travelled out of mathematics altogether and went into the region of logic and ethics. They were, as he pointed out, hopeless:

x = population of Russia

y = population of England

therefore $x = 60,000,000$

and $y = 30,000,000$.

Annual increase of Russia (say) 10,000, annual increase of England (say) 40,000. Wanted the relative powers of fighting, that is to say, the exact value of the difference between x and y .

The Dean was very angry at this particular theorem, and consoled the Minor Canon by telling him that there had not been lunacy in the family since his grandfather had voted for Fox.

The classics of Charles were very good, and they were all working away at the mathematics, in the intervals of their talking about the war, which even the Minor Canon began to understand, when they had a very rude awakening.

There came a day in Charles's life when "surds" by no means rhymed with "eleven-thirds." Charles and the Minor Canon were alone together at some advanced mathematics when the Dean came in and put his hand round his son's neck.

"Charles," he said, "I want your attention. There has been a great battle—the battle of the Alma."

"Have the Grenadiers been engaged?" shouted Charles.

“Yes.”

“Yes. Sit down and listen; I am only reading you the telegram from the daily paper:

“‘Young Arbuthnot ran on with the colours, and fell at once, the flag folding over his body. There was a struggle for the colours, in which Lord Edward Deverest and Lord Atterly took part, and I regret to say were both killed. Lord Edward Deverest fought to the last, using a gun rammer with terrible effect after his sword was broken. Lord Atterly, like Lord Edward Deverest, was killed by a close musketry fire with the old round ball. When I got up I thought that Lord Edward Deverest was alive, for he looked so very quiet, and was smiling, but he was quite dead. Lord Atterly lay with his face downwards, and so I could not see it.’”

Charles rose and said, “Edward! Edward! Edward!” Then he broke out into a passion of tears and said, “That I should be floundering here among these mathematics while my love lies dead.”

“Go to her,” said the Dean, furiously. Go to her, if you are a son of mine; leave your studies for a week and go to her. She loves only three in the world—yourself, Edward, and Atterly. I doubt if she cared much for Atterly. I say nothing about that; she may have loved the man or she may not. Eyre has been a fool about

Atterly. I would have settled as much on the girl as Atterly; it was only the title which kicked the balance. Go to her; there is nothing wrong between you at all, but Eyre wanted her to marry into her own order, and the brave girl gave up everything to her father's will. Go to her, boy. Two of those she loved have died bravely: go to her at once and comfort her. I don't know what her relations were to Atterly, but do not make love to her; speak only about her brother, and if Lord Eyre asks any questions, tell him that I will give you 40,000*l.* on the day you are married. Nay, stop, do not do that: he is a gentleman, and I am a gentleman; just simply go to her and see how she will receive you."

"I want to see Edith, my lord," said Charles when he was shown into his presence.

"My boy, it is a sad time," said Lord Eyre.

"The better reason that I should go to her, my lord."

"God knows she wants comforting," said Lord Eyre. "Do you know, lad, that the matter between her and Atterly came to nothing at all. That is why Atterly went with his regiment. Go to her and comfort her. Come here."

Charles, awed, went to him.

"Did you love him as you said?"

"I only loved her through him," said Charles, very quietly. "I loved him before I ever loved her. My darling lies out on the Crimean hill-side, but his sister lives, and loves me as I loved him."

"He was your Xenos," said Lord Eyre, bending his head down.

"He was more than any Xenos to me, my lord: and if you will let me go to her I will be more than a husband to her."

"I urged her about Atterly," said Lord Eyre.

"You have no reason to urge her about me, my lord. I knew that you wanted money brought into the family—I can bring it. Now, my lord, quick and let me go to her."

He went to her. What passed I do not know in any way, for the simple reason that lovers are not in the habit of telling their secrets before third parties. I could tell a secret or two myself perhaps, but it would not go into evidence, because no jury will convict without three witnesses, and the third is always wanting in cases of this kind. It is quite enough to say that Charles returned to Lord Eyre and informed him that as far as Lady Edith was concerned there was no trouble whatever.

"Then all you have got to do," said Lord Eyre, "is to get a fine degree. I don't mind

leaving my lassie with you now. I want to be buried in Oxford, and I have left the money for a funeral sermon."

"Do not talk of funerals, my lord."

"Here it is," said Lord Eyre. "Edward, sweetheart, love, I will be with you directly!" and Lord Eyre fell heavily back on the sofa.

Charles was eager and diligent with him: you may be as eager and as diligent with a man as you choose, but after he is dead you can do nothing with him.

Charles went very quietly back to Edith after he had arranged everything. It was a terrible moment.

"Edith!"

"Has he given his consent?"

"Yes."

"Then you can stay and comfort me, for my darling Edward. Oh, my darling Edward! Oh, my pretty darling! And poor Atterly, Charles; he was rough and rude, but he loved me dearly. Charles, when we go to church, let us say a prayer together for the souls of Edward and Atterly. It is very wrong, I know, but God will not be very angry. Let us go to papa and comfort him. Oh, my beloved, let us weep together, for we can never rejoice any more!"

"Edith!"

"Yes."

"Can you bear any more?"

"I do not think so. Come closer to me. I think that I can bear anything with you."

"Your father is dead."

There was a burst of tears and then a long silence. The last words she said to him were—

"I'll go to my old nurse, Charles. How kind it would be of God if He would let us all die and meet in heaven!"

The terrible catastrophe of the deaths of her brother and her father following so closely on one another made her refuse the visits of Charles. He went back to the Dean his father, the Minor Canon his tutor, and to his studies.

"Father," he said once, "I feel like a brute."

"And in what?" said the Dean.

"I have been living the life of a brute here while our boys have been dying in the Crimea."

"If we are all to go fighting," said the Dean, "let me know, and I will go into training at once. You will do far better for *her* if you can get a second than if you went fighting."

Very little passed between Charles and Lady Edith after this. She was relegated to an aged aunt, who was also a dragon, and Charles saw very little of her, except, as one might say, through the wrong end of a telescope. This

pleased the Dean his father very much, and it also pleased the Dean of his college. The Dean of Crediton about this time was made Fellow of All Souls, and came into residence, bringing with him the Minor Canon as mathematical tutor to his son — a measure which gave the deepest offence to the College Dean. All kinds of reports have got out about that dinner (I mean of course the celebrated dinner in Paul's common room to the Dean of Crediton). The hall was under repair, and they dined in common room, and the scouts say that the Dean of College called the Dean of Crediton no better than a fool for thinking that his son would be a first. The Dean of Crediton is represented as replying with considerable vivacity—a fact which heated the quarrel. The College Dean went so far as to say that it was an insult to the University to bring a Cambridge man up as coach. But this is only what we heard through the scouts. As for the noise they made over that dinner I can answer with a dozen others. If *we* had made half such a row, there would have been half a dozen gated for the rest of term. *I* heard them, and so did O'Flaherty and Jack Croft; and the devil prompted Jack Croft to bet O'Flaherty two pounds sterling that he would not go into the common room and ask if the college was on fire. Which thing

O'Flaherty instantaneously did, winning his two pounds and getting gated at four o'clock for the rest of his ill-spent life.

It is very odd about this fantastic young gentleman that he got an uncommonly good second, and is carrying everything before him at the bar. We have not to do with O'Flaherty, however. The captain passed and was ordained before Charles's turn came. Livingstone the American, though only third in classics, was first in physical science. But now came the autumn in which Charles was to stand or fall. And it was noticed that the Dean his father got more proud as the time went on, came more to Oxford, and fought the College Dean in the most persistent manner. Nobody ever got the best of the College Dean yet (at least I never heard of any one who did), but if ever the College Dean met his match he met it in the Dean of Crediton.

The examinations came on, and folks talked about them; there were three or four certain firsts, beyond that all was chaos. Jackson was mentioned as a man who might have had a first, but he had been sent down for a row, he had been disappointed about a woman, and her brother had been killed in the Crimea, and her father had died in a fit. Jackson had no chance among

undergraduates. He would do well in his classics possibly, and might get a third.

The Dean chose to satisfy himself, and when he went to the schools and heard his boy's name read out the first time he was not very much surprised. He went back to the hotel and said, "You have got your first, my lad." And there were great rejoicings. But the old Dean stayed up for the mathematical class list, and if you will believe me the Minor Canon had done his duty so well that Jackson was first in Charles mathematics too. A Paul's man says that the Dean put down his shovel hat and danced on it, but Paul's men in the good old days were always poking fun, and were never lower than fourth on the river. Let it pass. Charles was a double first.

Did he marry Lady Edith? I suppose he did, because in the visitors' book at Balaclava you will find the name of Charles Jackson and Lady Edith Jackson side by side. He is an eminent Q.C., and will be a judge before long. The calumny of his having ornamented the statue in the quadrangle of Paul's with a wash-hand basin and daffodils on Easter Monday is a pure fiction, which was been traced to *another quarter*.

So sadness passes into laughter. He had loved the boy so dearly that he had a double

love for his sister. There is no cloud between them. Sometimes in the winter's night he will awake and say to her, "Edward must be lying cold to night." And sometimes, when they are walking together in spring-time, she will say to him, "I wonder how brave the irises look on Edward's grave." And there, if you please, is the whole of my little romance. He loved the brother with the love of a boy, and now he loves the sister with the love of a man.

As for the Dean, Charles's father, he is living an entirely new life. It is told of him that in old times he fought "Abingdon Bill." But that was nothing to his present pugnacity. He is fighting Purchas, Voysey, Liddon, and O'Neil all at once. He says that he has beaten Dean Stanley, and not only Stanley, but the whole of the Evangelical party. He may have, or on the other hand he may not; but, put it how you will, Dean Jackson is a good man, and the world would be worse without him. There is one man, however, whom he will never beat, and that is the Dean of Paul's. Having heard that that inexorable man has taken a college living, my friend, long Galton, has put his name on the books again, and is going to take his masters.

EYRE'S MARCH.*

PART I.

THE colony of South Australia, now the largest of the five colonies, was, about the year 1841, practically the smallest. The area available, either for cultivation or pasturage; seemed at that time to be extremely limited. Northward of the colony lay; or seemed to lie, the hideous, hopeless basin of Lake Torrens—a land of salt mud and shifting sand, from the description of Sturt and Eyre, in which human life was impossible, and the external aspects of which were so horrible that the eye wearied with looking on them, and the sickened soul soon brooded itself into madness. North-westward nothing had as yet been discovered but grassless deserts, while westward no human foot had penetrated beyond Eyre's peninsula. But the coast line to the west, between Port Lincoln, in South Australia, and King George's Sound, in West Australia, a dis-

* This narrative was written *four months before the Jamaica rebellion*, at a time when the author believed Mr. Eyre to be dead; not in the least degree knowing that Eyre, Governor of Jamaica, was the old hero Eyre of his youthful admiration. Both parties, therefore, in the great Eyre controversy may read it without prejudice.

tance of thirteen hundred miles, had been surveyed by Flinders from the sea, and pronounced by him to be what it is.

That main part of the South Australian coast called the Australian Bight is a hideous anomaly, a blot on the face of nature, the sort of place one gets into in bad dreams. For seven hundred miles there is no harbour fit to shelter a mere boat from the furious south wind, which rushes up from the Antarctic ice to supply the vacuum caused by the burning, heated, waterless continent. But there is worse than this. For *eleven hundred* miles no rill of water, no, not the thickness of a baby's little finger, trickles over the cruel cliffs into the sailless, deserted sea. I cast my eye over the map of the world, and see that it is without parallel anywhere. A land which seems to have been formed not by the 'prentice hand of nature, but by nature in her dotage. A work badly conceived at first, and left crude and unfinished by the death of the artist. Old thoughts, old conceptions which produced good work, and made the earth glad cycles ago, attempted again with a failing hand. Conceive digging through a three-foot crust of pleiocene formation, filled with crude, almost imbecile, forms of the lowest animal life, millions of ages later than *Eozoon Canadense*, yet hardly higher;

and then finding shifting sea-sand below! Horrible, most horrible!

This, the most awful part of the earth's crust, a thousand miles in length, has been crossed once, and once only. Not by a well-appointed expedition with camels, with horse-drays, preserved meats, and a fiddler; but by a solitary man on foot. A man irritated by disappointment; nigh worn-out by six months' dread battle with nature in her cruelest form: a man who, having been commissioned to do something in the way of exploration, would not return home without results: a man in whose path lurked murder—foul, treacherous, unexpected—the murder of a well-tried friend. To such a man has hitherto been reserved the task of walking a thousand miles round the Australian Bight. Was there ever such a walk yet? I have never heard of such another.

Of this Mr. Eyre, who made this unparalleled journey, I know but little, save this:—He knew more about the aboriginal tribes, their habits, language, and so on, than any man before or since. He was appointed Black Protector for the Lower Murray, and did his work well. He seems to have been (*teste* Charles Sturt, from whom there is no appeal) a man eminently kind, generous, and just. No man concealed less than Eyre the vices of the natives, but no man stood

more steadfastly in the breach between them and the squatters (the great pastoral aristocracy) at a time when to do so was social ostracism. The almost unexampled valour which led him safely through the hideous desert into which we have to follow him, served him well in a fight more wearing and more dangerous to his rules of right and wrong. He pleaded for the black, and tried to stop the war of extermination which was, is, and I suppose will be, carried on by the colonists against the natives in the unsettled districts beyond reach of the public eye. His task was hopeless. It was easier for him to find water in the desert than to find mercy for the savages. Honour to him for attempting it, however.*

It is interesting to remember also, that this band of country of which we have been speaking, practically divides the penal settlement of Western Australia from the civilized republics of the eastern coast, and must be crossed by any convict who should make his escape. The terror of the colonists which showed itself in such extreme irritation the other day, when it was proposed to send more criminals to Perth, was

* These words were published in *Macmillan's Magazine* one month before we heard of the Jamaica rebellion. I have not altered one word of the narrative.

not without foundation, however. There is very little doubt that a practicable route exists from the east to the west, in the centre of the continent, about a thousand miles to the north of the southern coast, probably, I have thought for a long time, by the Valley of the Murchison.

It was originally proposed to send out an expedition under the command of Mr. Eyre to cross the bight to the westward; but his opinion was that although a light party might force their way, yet their success would be in the main useless, as it would be impossible ever to follow with stock in consequence of the badness of the country, and thus the main object of the expedition would be missed, and the expense incurred without adequate commercial results. The committee, therefore, yielding to his representations, commissioned him to go north, and attempt to explore the interior.

In this he was unsuccessful. Four hundred miles to the north of Adelaide he got into the miserable country, known then as the basin of Lake Torrens—now known as Lakes Gregory, Torrens, and Blanche—a flat depressed region of the interior, not far from equal to the basin of Lake Superior, of alternate mud, brackish water, and sand; after very wet seasons probably quite covered with water, but in more moderate

ones intersected with bands of dry land varying in size. It is certain that in 1841 Eyre found a ring of water round him five hundred miles in extent; and that in 1860 Mac Kinlay crossed it, finding nothing but a desert fifty miles broad, without water visible on either hand,—came immediately into good country abounding with water, and crossed the continent from south to north.

Such an achievement was not for Eyre. To Mac-Kinlay and others was left the task of showing the capabilities of Australia; to Eyre that of showing her deficiencies. Beaten back from the north at all points, he determined to follow out the first plan of the expedition, and try the coast-line westward. He forced his way out of this horrid barren region, bounded (if the reader will kindly look at his Keith Johnston, plate 19, enlarged plate of Australia in the corner, or at any available map of Australia) by Lakes Torrens, Gregory, and Blanche—he crossed the quasi-embouchure of Lake Torrens into the sea: he passed through that great peninsula which now bears his name, “Eyria”; and after various difficulties, and aggravations, he formed a depôt of his party at Streaky Bay, just a thousand miles on the eastern or wrong side of King George’s Sound, the object of his journey.

Here weary months were past, in desperate fruitless efforts to find a better country to the westward or northward. No water was to be had except by digging, and that was generally brackish, sometimes salt. The country was treeless and desolate, of limestone and sand, the great oolite cliffs, which wall the ocean for so many hundred miles, just beginning to rise towards the surface. The heat was so fearful that, on one of the expeditions which Mr. Eyre made westward, a strong, courageous man lay down, as uneducated men will do when things get to a certain stage of desperation. But Eyre got him up again, and got him down to the shore where they found the shadow of a great rock in that weary land, and saved themselves by bathing the whole afternoon. This was the sort of country they had to contend with.

Eyre succeeded in rounding the head of the bight by taking a dray full of water with him, making a distance of 138 miles. The country, however, did not improve, and after seven months, he was back at his depôt at Fowler's Bay (lat. 32° S., long. 132° E.) with no better results than these.

The expedition had hitherto consisted of Mr. Eyre, Mr. Scott, Mr. Eyre's overseer, two Englishmen, a corporal of engineers, and two na-

tives. Moreover, a small ship had been at his command, and had more than once communicated with Adelaide. It had been Mr. Eyre's later plan to take part of his party overland, and keep this vessel to co-operate with him; but the answer from Adelaide was inexorable, though polite; the vessel must not leave the limits of the colony—must not, that is to say, go further west than long. 130° E.; no further, indeed, than Eyre had been himself. This was a great disappointment and perplexity. What to do?—But home save by one route—never! After very little cogitation he came to the following desperate resolution,—to dismiss the whole of the expedition except one man, and with three natives to face the thing out himself.

Taking his young companion, Mr. Scott, to walk him upon the shore, he unfolded his plan to him, and gently but firmly dismissed him. Scott pleaded hard to share the danger, but Eyre was immovable. He had selected another, a trusty, tried servant and comrade for years past, the man hitherto mentioned as his overseer.

This man Mr. Eyre took on one side, and spoke to most earnestly. He pointed the almost hopelessness of their task—the horror of the country before them—the perils of thirst, the perils of savages, the awful distance—nine hun-

dred miles. Then he told him that he was free to return to Adelaide and civilisation, and leave him alone; and then he asked him, Would he go now? And the answer was, "Yes, by heaven, to the very end."

His name is worth recording—John Baxter. A good sound, solid English name. The man himself, too, seems to have been nobly worthy of his name, and to have possessed no small portion of the patient and steadfast temper of his great Shropshire namesake.

Baxter remaining firm, his plan required no more maturing. Although the Adelaide Government had refused to allow the schooner to co-operate with him, they had generously sent him everything else he had asked. With a view to his westward journey, he had asked them to send him large quantities of bran and oats, to put his horses—in sad, low condition in this almost grassless desert—into such strength as would enable them to start with some wild hope of success. They had done so, and now Eyre, dismissing all his companions except Baxter and three natives, determined to remain encamped where he was until the bran and oats were consumed, and then set out.

So in camp he remained for six weeks, his horses improving day by day. Baxter, the self-

devoted hero, was a somewhat diligent and unromantic hero, and all this time worked like a galley-slave. A strange fellow, this quiet Baxter. He could make shoes among other things, could shoe the horses, make pack-saddles, do a hundred and fifty things; all of which he did with steady, quiet diligence these lonely six weeks, as if a little voice was ever singing in his ear, "The night cometh in which no man can work." I confess that I should have liked to know that man Baxter, but that is impossible; one can only say that once there was a very noble person whom men called so, and that not ten educated persons living ever heard of his name.

The six weeks passed; the horses and men got into good condition, as well fit for their hopeless journey as horses and men were ever likely to be. It became time to start, and they prepared to start; and here occurs one of those curious coincidences of time which do not startle us in a novel like "Aurora Floyd," because we know that the author has command of time and space, and uses them with ability for our amusement, but which do startle us, and become highly dramatic, when we find them in a commonplace journal like that of Eyre. Eyre and Baxter were engaged in burying such stores as they could not take with them, when they heard a shot

from the bay. Thinking some whalers had come in, they hurriedly concealed their work, and went towards the shore. It was no whaler. It was their own cutter, the *Hero*, which had been to Adelaide, and had returned. The two men they met on the shore were the captain of the *Hero* and young Scott, who brought a message, and innumerable letters.

The message, verbally delivered, nay, enforced by Scott, and the gist of the innumerable letters, was all the same. "You have failed in your plans of invading our hopeless interior country. So did Sturt and others. But don't take it to heart. Come back to us. You have done and suffered enough to make the colony love and respect you. Come back to us, and we will give you a welcome, with three times three. But for God's sake give up this hopeless suicidal solitary expedition to the West. You yourself first pointed out the hopelessness of such an expedition, and we see from your reports how utterly hopeless it is; you were right. Come back, and make a fresh start. Don't in your noble obstinacy commit suicide."

Not a word said, if you will please to remark it (though *he* does not, never thought of it), of sending the cutter along the shore to co-operate with him. Rather singular, and rather, I think,

disgraceful. "My dear fellow," said the Irish gentleman, "I'd share my last meal with you. If I had only a potato left, I'd give you the skin."

The answer to these letters was quietly, and possibly foolishly, decisive. "The money raised for this expedition was raised for exploring the West coast. I diverted these funds, and persuaded the committee to let me undertake a Northern expedition. I have failed in that. I decline to return home without result, and so—and so—will go westward, thank you, to such fate as God shall send. Will not at all events return an unsuccessful man; will leave my bones in the desert sooner than that. And so good bye, young Scott; Baxter and I will pull through it somehow—or won't. Love to Adelaide friends, and many thanks for kind wishes (not a word about the twopenny-halfpenny business of refusing him the ship), and so we will start if you please. As for going home again, save by King George's Sound, once for all, No."

A most obstinate and wrong-headed man. Baxter it seems equally wrong-headed. Scott went back with his message, and Eyre and Baxter started, with three savages, on their journey.

One of these savages requires notice from us; his name was Wylie. A frizzly-haired, slab-sided,

grinning, good-natured young rascal; with infinite powers of giggling on a full belly, and plaintively weeping on an empty one—at least so I should guess. But withal some feeling of a faithful dog-like devotion in the darkened soul of him, as events proved—something more in the inside of the man than any marmoset or other monkey ever had got, or ever would get, after any number of cycles, one cannot help thinking. This fellow Wylie was a *man* after all; as were, indeed, the other two natives though bad enough specimens of the genus.

Having now brought my reader on to the real starting point of the great adventure, we may as well sum up the forces by which this campaign against Nature, in her very worst mood, was to be accomplished. The party which accompanied Mr. Eyre when he took a final farewell of Mr. Scott, on the morning of the 25th of February, 1841, consisted of—John Baxter, the useful hero; the black boy Wylie, before spoken of; two other black boys; nine horses; a Timor pony (a small kind of fiend or devil, who has been allowed, for purposes, to assume the form of a diminutive horse, and in comparison with which Cruiser, or Mr. Gurney's grey colt, would show like Cotswold lambs who have joined the Band of Hope); a foal (the best

part of one of your high-bred weedy Australian colts is a certain cut out of the flank; if you are lucky enough to happen upon a Clydesdale foal, try a steak out of the shoulder—but this is mere cannibalism); and six sheep—merinoes (ten pounds to the quarter, at the outside). Along the shore Eyre had, in a previous expedition, buried flour enough to last the party, at the rate of six pounds a week, for nine weeks. With this army, and with these resources, Eyre formed a flying column, cut himself off from his base of operations, and entered on a march of eight hundred and fifty miles through a hopelessly hostile country. Hostile, not so much because the natives he might meet on his march outnumbered him as fifty to one, but because Nature herself was in her cruel, thirsty sleep of summer, and was saying to him, in every high floating yellow cloud which passed over his head southward, "Fool, desist; I am not to be troubled yet." Murder, too, was looking at him out of two pairs of shifting eyes; but he did not see her, and went on.

On the 26th of February, 1841, they made a place called by the few scattered natives Yeer-cumban Kowee, the furthest point they had hitherto reached in any of their excursions from the camp. It is so much less abominable than

the country around that the natives have thought it worthy of a name. It is in fact a few hills of driving sand, where, by digging, one may obtain water; but, for all that, the best place in seven hundred miles of coast. It is the sort of place in which an untravelled reader would suppose a man would lie down and die in despair, merely from finding himself there: would suppose so until he found out how very little man can live with, and how very, very dear life gets in great solitude. Or to correct myself once more, how very, very strong in such situations becomes the desire of seeing a loved face again; or, failing that, of seeing a face which will connect one, however distantly, with the civilisation which is so far off, with the face of a man who will at all events tell those for whose applause we strive how we strove and how we died.

Here the terrible part of his adventure begins. From this he was 128 miles without water, toiling over the summit of those great unbroken cliffs which form the southern buttress of Australia. I must say a few words about these cliffs, once and for all.

These cliffs make two great stretches; first from the 131st to the 129th parallel, east of Greenwich, 120 miles, and then again from the east of the 126th parallel to the east of the

124th, a distance of 120 miles more. They range from 300 to 600 feet high—the height, let us say, of the ghastly chalk wall at Alum Bay, or the cliffs between Folkstone and Dover—and are unbroken almost by a single ravine leading to the sea; and, where such ravines do occur, they are only waterless sandy valleys. Their geological formation is very fantastic. The strata are level, showing a gradual upheaval from a vastly distant centre. The upper half consists of a limestone—corresponding in some way, I guess, to the Maestricht beds of Europe, but infinitely harder,—the lower part of chalk, very soft and friable, with horizontal beds of flint. The lower half has succumbed to the sea and to the weather at a far quicker rate than the upper, leaving it overhanging. In many places, the upper strata have come crashing down, a million tons at a time, producing, in that land of hopeless horror, a specimen of coast scenery more weird and wild than one has ever seen, or, to tell the truth, wishes to see. One would rather read about such places among the rustling leaves of an English spring.

Eyre judged that his first spell towards water would be a long one. He started first with two horses, a black young man, and the sheep, leaving Baxter and the two other blacks to follow

with the rest of the horses. The black he took with him was, I think, Wylie, the good one, but I am not sure. It does not much matter. His royal laziness behaved much as such always do: insisted on riding the saddle horse, and making Eyre walk and lead the pack horse; Eyre also doing what civilized men always do on such occasions, submitting. And in this way they went for four days, with just enough water to keep them alive, but none for the horses or the poor creeping sheep. On the fourth day, rain threatened, but none fell; the sheep could get no further; so they made a yard of boughs, and left them for Baxter to pick up, and hurried on to find water, and if possible save the lives of the whole party, which even at this early stage seemed doomed.

At the 120th weary mile the cliffs broke for the first time, and there was a ravine to the sea. The blacks had told them of water hereabouts, to be got by digging; but their ideas of distance were as vague as those of Melville's South Sea islander. "How ole I is? Berry ole. Thousand year. More." The question was, "Was *that* the place?" It is as useless to speculate what would have become of the expedition had there not happened a lucky accident, as it was for Mrs. Wilfer to calculate on what would have

happened to her daughter Lavinia, if she, Mrs. Wilfer, had never got married. "With all due respect, ma, I don't think you know either." A lucky accident did occur, however. Eyre passed this, the wrong valley, in the dark, and at daybreak found himself so far beyond it that he halted in an agony of doubt as to whether he should go back or not. He saw, however, miles ahead, that the cliff had receded from the sea, and that there was more promise of some drain of underground water ahead. He decided to go on, and, at the 135th mile, came upon sandhills, with a few holes which the natives had dug for water.

Try to realise this for yourselves. Fancy being alone in London, with the depopulated ruins of it all around, and having to lead a horse to the nearest available water at Gloucester, in burning weather, through deep sand. Who would do it for a bet? And this with a knowledge that there was worse to come. But why enlarge on it? This Eyre expedition is entirely without parallel; and so comfortably forgotten too!

They scraped away five feet of sand that night, and watered the horses, now *five days* without drink, and unable to feed on such miserable grass as there was for sheer choking drought. Please to notice this fact, you readers who are

interested about horses. It strikes one as being curious, and somewhat new. There is no such insatiable drunkard as your horse, but see what he can do if he is pushed.

Eyre had nothing with which to dig out this five feet of sand but shells left by the natives, who rambled down here, at the risk of their lives, to get fish, a certain red berry which grew hereabouts—and which I cannot identify—sea anemones, winkles and other alongshore rubbish, which, however, were luxuries to them (the country behind must have been a bad one). These said shells, I take it, were the Australian type of those great Venus' Ears which one sees in the shell-shops here, and which come from the Channel Islands. However, he got the sand dug out with them and went to sleep: which makes pause the first.

He had now to go back, with water slung in kegs, to fetch up Baxter and the two natives, who were toiling along after him, in that weary, waterless track of 135 miles along which he had come. He had just got back to the dry ravine first mentioned, when he saw Baxter and party winding down the opposite side towards him. He had got over that first weary spell as well as Eyre himself.

The sheep, which Eyre had left behind for

Baxter to pick up and bring on, had been now six days without water, and the horses five. Baxter had left part of the luggage and of the pack-horses behind some miles. They sent back for these, and then prepared for another start.

The natives had told them of two watering places hereabouts, but they had found only one. They now moved westward; but, after forty miles, finding no water, Eyre had to send Baxter back for a supply, remaining alone with the sheep, and six days' supply for himself, until Baxter's return. In spite of the restlessness of the miserable thirsty sheep, he had time to look at his charts and calculate his chances. He was eight hundred miles from help, and might possibly hope, with all luck, to do it in twelve weeks. He was being choked with sand. He counted twenty blood-sucking flies, each leaving an irritating aching sting, in eight square inches of his legs at one time, and other things far too tedious to mention to us gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and to whom quick Indian marches and thirsty bush-rides are but as dreams. And the worst was by no means come to him yet; there was disaster waiting on his track still. We have just been sympathising deeply with Frederick's troubles in the Seven Years' War, but poor Eyre has put him out of our head al-

together. Frederick got himself into a great mess—might have been left a mere duke, like Devonshire or Sutherland—but never into such a mess as this. Here we come to pause the second.

Baxter came up. They got the whole party together and went on. The cliffs had now receded from the shore, but were still there, inland some few miles, leaving a band of sand-hills between them and the sea.

When they were seventy miles (London to Bath, say) from the last water, their way was impeded by dense scrub (*Eucalyptus Dumosa*, I suppose, though the surveyors will make *Eucalyptus* masculine, and birch don't grow in Australia). Here they began, in despair of pulling through otherwise, to throw away their baggage. They then took to the shore, but found themselves turned out of their way and their weary journey nearly doubled, by a strange new enemy. Vast lines of dry seaweed, too high for them to surmount, resembling stacked hay more than anything else, turned them right and left, across and across the vast ocean shore, until the tide rose and drove them against the impenetrable scrub; where the two younger blacks amused themselves by getting water from the roots of the scrub trees. These wretched

boys, though but poor adepts at this sort of thing, got some pints of water in this way; and I should like to transcribe a passage from Mr. Eyre's journal at this place, which bears on their singular way of life, and is curious. They are a few of the words of a man who knew that doomed race better than any man has done before or since, and are entitled to respect on that account alone:—

“Natives who, from infancy, have been accustomed to travel through arid regions, can remain any length of time out in a country where there are no indications of water. The circumstance of natives being seen, in travelling through an unknown district, is therefore no proof of the existence of water in their vicinity. I have myself observed, that no part of the country is so utterly worthless as not to have attractions sufficient occasionally to tempt the wandering savage into its recesses. In the arid, barren, naked plains of the north, with not a shrub to shelter him from the heat, not a stick to burn for his fire (except what he carried with him), the native is found; and where, as far as I could ascertain, the whole country around appeared equally devoid of either animal or vegetable life. In other cases, the very regions which, in the eyes of the European, are most barren and worthless, are to the native the most valuable and productive. Such are dense brushes or sandy tracts of country, covered with shrubs—for here the wallabie, the opossum, the kangaroo rat, the bandicoot, the leipoa, snakes, lizards, iguanas, and many other animals, reptiles, birds, &c., abound; whilst the kangaroo, the emu, and the native dog are found upon their borders, or in the vicinity of those small grassy plains which are occasionally met with amidst the closest brushes.”

The horses now, on which so much depended, began to fail. Five days of waterless misery had passed over their heads, and horse nature failed under the strain. The poor little Timor dropped at the 120th mile of this stage, the first of all. The others, whenever there was a halt, with dull eyes and drooping ears, followed Eyre and Baxter about like dogs, mutely praying for that water which they were unable to supply. They were as gods to the poor dumb helpless animals.

The tide once more drove them against the impenetrable scrub on the shore, and forced them to halt. Poor Baxter began to get very low spirited; nay, worse than that, began to set his mind on the hopeless task of going back to Fowler's Bay. Eyre beguiled him on, but agreed with him as to their nearly hopeless position, knowing that things would be much worse before they were better. During this halt it became evident that the horses must be hurried on to water. They buried all their loads in the sand, and pushed on with the barebacked horses; but they had tried them too far—two more dropped behind, and they were overtaken by night.

The cheerless morning found them among the fragments of some ancient wreck. Some ship,

years long ago, perhaps before the miserable coast had a name, had been blown on shore, and the crew either mercifully killed in the rollers, or left to wander a few days among the thirsty scrub before they lay down for the last time:—a dispiriting incident. They were now reduced to the dew on the leaves; Eyre collected it with a sponge, the natives with wisps of grass.

The miserable details are wearisome to write down. At the 160th mile from the last water, after seven days' drought for the horses and their one sheep, and two for themselves, Eyre and the overseer having gone on in desperation alone, digging in the first likely spot they had seen, found the sand moist and fresh, and soon came on an abundance of excellent water.

Among these sand-hills they stayed for twenty-eight days, Eyre going back alone with a boy to recover the baggage. On the occasion of this expedition they speared a sting ray, and ate him. This proved a somewhat valuable discovery, as it eked out their fast-failing provisions. The weather became cold, but no rain fell, though there were occasionally heavy thunderstorms. The cliffs again approached the shore about fourteen miles to the westward; and Baxter went forward to examine them. His report was exceedingly unfavourable. Of course it was im-

possible for them to go any way but along the top of them, and the downs appeared to be grassless and waterless. Baxter was anxious to go back, but Eyre quietly determined to go on.

They killed one of their horses, and the natives feasted on it all day long, while they made some unsuccessful efforts to jerk it. The effect of this great feed of meat was exactly such as Mr. Bumble would have expected. The natives grew rebellious, announced their intention of shifting for themselves, and marched off. Even the gentle Wylie, the King George's Sound native, shared in the revolt. The younger of the two Port Lincoln blacks, however, was sufficiently under command to obey the eye and voice of Mr. Eyre, and to remain behind.

Still they lingered here, unwilling to face the next 150 miles of cliff, where they knew there could be no water without rain. But the rain did not come; and, having killed their last sheep, they prepared to set forward. The night before they started, however, the two native deserters, beaten back by hunger and thirst, returned. Wylie was frankly penitent, and acknowledged that he had made a fool of himself; but the Port Lincoln blacks sat sulking by the fire, refusing to speak.

They now went on their weary way and as-

cended the cliffs. The downs were, as Baxter had reported, waterless and stony, with a dwarf tea-scrub (much like our chalk-down juniper). The first night, for the first time on the journey, the blacks were set to watch the horses.

Eyre had intended to travel the main part of the next night; but when it came on, Baxter urged him so strongly to remain that he yielded, the more easily as Baxter's reasons appeared good. Rain was threatening, and they were now in a place where water might be collected from the rock-pools, whereas, were they to advance, and the country to get sandy, the rain would be of no use to them. So they stayed where they were, and it was Baxter and Eyre's turn to watch the horses. Eyre, not being sleepy, took the first watch, and Baxter and the natives lay down to sleep.

The night was cold and wild, with scud driving across the moon, and a rushing wind which tossed the shrubs and sang loudly among the rocks. The place was very solitary—a high treeless down 400 feet above the vast Southern Ocean: a place not unlike the great down above Freshwater. The horses were very restless, keeping Eyre moving up and down, till at half-past ten he had lost sight of the camp fires. While he was looking round to catch a sight of

them he saw a gun fired about a quarter of a mile off. Calling out, and receiving no answer, he ran towards the spot, and was met by Wylie, crying, "Come here! come here!" He ran in terror on to the camp fire, and there he found poor Baxter weltering in his blood inarticulate. How many minutes it was before he died, Eyre cannot say; but he did not speak or recognise him. The poor tortured body sank into quiescence, without one word having passed the lips; and the soul, still in its agony of torture, of indignation, of horror, with a burthen of explanations and messages to loved ones at home still struggling, and struggling in vain, to get sent by its usual channel, went wandering away over the desolate down-lands to——

And poor Eyre was left alone in the waterless desert, 500 miles from help, with terror, unutterable grief, and despair for his companions. No others, unless it were the crawling sea, the thirsty down, and a crouching whining savage, who wrung his hands and whimpered! None other, indeed, except the God in whom he trusted, and who delivered him even out of this!

PART II.

FIVE hundred miles from any hope of help, in the very centre of the most horrible waterless

desert on the face of the earth, poor Eyre stood that night, on the desolate down above the desolate sea, all alone save for one crouching, guilty-looking savage, and the corpse of his dearly loved companion lying stark and bloody in the flying gleams of the moon.

First terror, then indignation, then grief, then the dull horror of utter loneliness and despair, and the indescribable ghastly oppression of great and hopeless distance, which clawed at his heart like a nightmare; these were his other companions. Sometimes he prayed, sometimes he wept, sometimes he walked up and down, in short, tiger-like snatches, in his furious indignation meditating revenge before death. But all the time the cold chill wind rushed over the down, drove the sparks of the fire landward, and moved the dead man's hair. Whose imagination is powerful enough to conceive the unutterable horrors of such a night, in such a place?

The man was a high-strung and very sensitive man. This mad journey of his would prove it to a thoughtful reader, even if he would not take my word for it. But, high-strung and sensitive as he was, he was as *indestructible* a man as Big Boone himself. Nay, if Big Boone had, with his vast frame, found himself in this match against Nature, I think, if I may be allowed a

sporting phrase, that I should have backed Nature.

But there was such an irrepressible vitality about this man, such a dexterous manipulation of the very worst materials, that he could not be beaten. In the midst of his very despair he had taken measures for continuing the struggle, and had completed them long before the morning dawned. The first discovery he made in the dark was the very unpleasant one that he was left without the means of self-defence, or, what was dearer just now, Revenge; that the two blacks had got the available firearms, and were lurking round among the scrub with them; and that his life was not worth five minutes' purchase of any one's money. He had pistols, but no cartridges. His only other hope was in a rifle, which they had not taken. But this rifle was unserviceable. The murdered man had, a few days before, done the only undexterous thing recorded of him—tried to wash out the rifle while it was loaded. By the time he had found out it *was* loaded, he had wetted and partly washed out the powder, so that it was impossible to get it out; they had no screw to draw the bullet, and the rifle had been thrown aside as utterly useless. (Rifles are the most utterly useless trash in Australia, even for kangaroo-shooting. Eley's

green cartridge in a double barrel is the only arm which a reasonable man uses for the larger game). This disabled rifle was his only hope, and his only chance of getting it to work was to melt out the bullet. He put the barrel in the fire; but there was powder enough left to explode, and the bullet whizzed close by his ear. After such an accident at such a time he may be considered safe.

When the rifle was loaded he felt more secure. The next thing which engaged the attention of our πολυμήτις was the horses, on whom everything depended. He went into the scrub after them at the risk of being shot, and got them. After this he waited for morning.

The raving wind went down towards morning, and by degrees the grey dawn crept over the desolate down, and bit by bit showed him all the circumstances and all the extent of the horrible midnight disaster. Baxter lay in his shirt about five yards from his bed, shot through the breast, soaking in blood; his eyes, Eyre tells us, were still open, but glazed in death; and the same expression of stern resolution which he had worn in life was still on the face of the corpse. The camp was plundered, and everything was broken by the murderers. After examination

he found that all they had left was forty pounds of flour and four gallons of water.

Before he started westward, one duty remained to him, that of paying the last tribute of decency and friendship to his dead friend. The soil was bare limestone rock for miles around, and time was life. All that he could do for the poor senseless corpse was to wrap its head decently in a blanket, and leave it to wither in the winds. There it lies still, and there most likely it will lie for ever. Old Earth is such a bitter cruel stepmother in that accursed country, that she even refuses to take her dead children back to her bosom.

You must be nearly sick of these accumulated horrors. But from this point a new horror begins to dog his steps—Murder. However long and weary the thirsty day might have been, sleep, rest, unconsciousness, dreams of home, now became impossible. His life was at the mercy of two sneaking, crawling savages, who might pounce on him the instant his eyes closed, and kill him. A kinder or gentler man never lived, but he made a certain determination. He resolved to shoot these two savages on the first opportunity. "Would they give him one?" That was the question; or would they prowl and sneak round him until they murdered him?—

a fine problem for a maddened man, five hundred miles from help. Meanwhile there was one other chance. He had not studied these savages so many years for nothing; he knew their laziness, and he thought, with his horses and his pluck, that he might outwalk them. So he started away as early as he could, and left Baxter with his head rolled in a blanket alone on the desert down.

Of Wylie, the black who had stood by him, he had no fear. He knew that the two South Australian blacks would, after the manner of their folk, inevitably murder Wylie, the King George's Sound native, who came from another tribe and spoke another language, the instant they had done using him, as the strongest of the three, in helping them back to Fowler's Bay. He knew also that Wylie was perfectly aware of this himself. And, although he strongly suspected Wylie of being a participator of the plunder of the camp, he knew that Wylie's only chance of life was loyalty to him. Wylie, he believes, had arranged with the two other natives for a grand feed on the stock of provisions, but, had been frightened and shocked by the murder. Events proved that Wylie knew on which side his interest lay.

Wylie was a very good, a somewhat excep-

tional specimen of his people, as Eyre, a lover and protector of the blacks, allows. Now, you know these people will *go*. God never made the Portland Bay district for *them*. All one asks is, that the thing should be done with decency, and with every sort of indulgence; whereas it is not, but in a scandalous and disgraceful manner. Of course these Australians must be improved, but let the improvement be done with some show of decency. But we may preach and preach, and the same old story will go on, now there is no Governor Gipps; and so we will leave preaching, and mind our business, for public opinion, unbacked by a Governor Gipps, is but a poor thing for the blacks.

Eyre, however, as he started at eight o'clock on the morning after the murder, with his forty pounds of flour and his four gallons of water, was not, probably, in the humour to think deeply over this question. His life's work had been, and was to be, the protection of these savages against the whites. But on this particular morning things had gone so very cross with him, that he found the leading resolution in his very resolute mind was to cut off the first one he caught sight of, like a rabbit. "How circumstances do change people." His horses had now been three days without water, and where the

next was to be got he had no idea. However, he started over the downs, on his five hundred miles' tramp, in an exceedingly defiant mood. "Not an ounce of die in him," as I heard a cockney blacksmith say about a sick friend.

He had one interview, and one only, with these murderous young vagabonds. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he saw them approaching cautiously. One cannot help wishing that he had had an Enfield rifle, instead of one of those miserable things we called rifles in those days; but he had not. A rifle of those times was not sighted above a hundred yards, and they would not give him a shot. He walked towards them, but they kept beyond distance; and at last, in despair, he threw down his own rifle, and advanced unarmed, hoping to get near enough to run in on one of them, wrest his loaded gun from him, and, &c. If I am not mistaken, the Victoria Cross has been given for less than this. But they would not come near him, but kept away, crying out for Wylie. Master Wylie, to whom every cry of theirs was a fresh piece of evidence as to his complicity in the murder, did not know them, had never seen these low coloured persons before, wondered what they could possibly mean by hollering after him, and so on, with all the transparent childish cunning of a

savage; leading his horses on, and leaving the question in the hands of Providence, and those of an extremely infuriated English gentleman called Eyre; and walked calmly on in saint-like innocence.

Eyre could do nothing with them; they only went on running away, and implicating Wylie's character to an extent which must have exasperated that young gentleman to a pitch many degrees beyond murder. After a time Eyre came back, picked up his rifle, and saw them no more.

What they did, or what became of them, we shall never know exactly. If they did not die of famine, they were most certainly murdered by the first natives they came across. One can guess at their motives in plundering the camp and murdering Baxter. They possibly (I will go no further than possibly) wanted a good feed, and hated Baxter. But this is an exceptional case. In general, you can form no guess whatever of an Australian black's motives. If you notice, you will find yourself very much puzzled by the motives of your own children. But their motives for action are the hardest common sense, if you compare them with those of an Australian black. The only crime which I have heard of on this side of the water, and which I can compare to the aimless murders so common among these

queer Australians, is the murder committed by Constance Kent on her little brother. It was Australian "all over." I knew the old hand at once.

Allow me to tell an anecdote in illustration. I was staying in an Australian country house once, in the far west,—a real Australian country house, where the kangaroos came skipping, and staring, and gandering past the dining-room windows; where the opossums held high jinks and murdered sleep in the shrubberies every night; where the native cats stowed themselves under your bed until you had gone to sleep, and then proclaimed their case against an ungrateful world in a noise which might be achieved, in an inferior degree, by a wicked old tom cat, carefully trained by a howling ape and a hyena;—a house with a flower-garden, at the bottom of which was a lake on which no one was allowed to fire a shot, and which swarmed all through the burning summer's day with teal, widgeon, great cranes, pelicans, black swans, and purple water-hens;—a house in which the scorpions came tittle, tittle, tittle, along the passage, looked in at the library door to see how you were getting on, and then packed themselves away under the door-mat; where enormous centipedes came from under the fender at a terrific

pace, eight inches long, twenty legs aside, struck with a sudden uncontrollable impulse to walk up the leg of your trousers, and see what *that* was like;—a house where some one was always going to bed after breakfast, and “coming down” as fresh as paint, just out of his bath, to an eight o’clock dinner; where you slept all day and went out a-fishing as soon as the night was dark enough; where your papers were the *Spectator* and the *Illustrated London News*, and one’s drink weak claret and water;—a real old 100,000 acre, two thousand a year, Australian country house, in short.

In such a house as this, it once befell that I had to stay for an indefinite time. On the first morning, when I came down (there was only one storey, but I will continue the fiction) to breakfast, I found a very smartlooking native girl, dressed much as your own housemaid is dressed, dusting the room. She looked so much smarter and brighter than any native woman I had ever seen before, that I asked Mrs. L—— (may her days be long in the land), the Scotch housekeeper, about her antecedents.

There was a queer story about her. Her brother, a native, was one groom, and another young native was another groom; and one day, not two months before, these two young rascals had

agreed to murder her. There was no more cause for it than there is for your murdering me, but they thought they would like to do it; they had not tasted blood lately, and, although they were very well off, had plenty to eat, worked no more than they chose, and so on, yet things were rather slow in these parts; so they thought they would murder this young woman. They proceeded to do so; they had got her down, her brother was throttling her—hope was lost—it was a matter of moments—when——

Here comes your sensation—Mrs. L——, a very strong and opinionated Scotchwoman, came in and caught them at it. Not only caught them at it, but caught the principal offender across the back of the head with a carpet-broom, stopped the whole business, and routed the enemy single-handed. It is time we walked on with Eyre, and so we must have done with Mrs. L——; I have no more to tell you of her than this: When the station was attacked by the blacks, she and the two gentlemen of the house were alone. The two hundred savages were so near accomplishing their object, that they actually were upon the roof, and were casting their spears in upon the three. The roof would not fire, in consequence of a heavy rain, and my two hosts picked off every man who appeared in the gap

of the roof which they had made. Mrs. L—— all the time stood between them, loading their guns and handing them to them alternately, until assistance came from Port Fairy. Another fact about her is this: I never could convince her that the great wedge-tailed eagle of Australia was to be compared to our own twopenny-half-penny golden eagle. The colonists have, for their own reasons, christened these birds "eagle-hawks." "Ye have no been to Scotland?" she would say; "I tell ye, sir, they are naething to the Scottish eagle." Common specimens measured fifteen feet across the wings!

What with Mrs. L—— and the eagles, we have left poor Eyre on his waterless down, five hundred miles from help, somewhat too long. We shall have one more terrible push with him, and then the story will become more pleasant, or rather less horrible, to read.

After the interview with the murderers, Eyre pushed on as rapidly as possible far into the night, for eighteen miles further; knowing well that he would thus get a good start of those lazy young gentlemen, who would not travel more than a few miles without lying down. The next day, which was the 1st of May, the first day of winter in that hemisphere, they got the horses along twenty-eight miles, and it was

getting evident that it could not continue much longer, as they had been already five days without water, and had no hope of any for two days more.

No change had as yet taken place in the character of the country. They were still travelling over the weary downs; the surface of the ground a cream-coloured limestone, full of shells, but with no water, and scarcely any grass or vegetation at all, except the scrub I have compared to juniper, for the sake of an English reader. But to Eyre's keen, well-trained eye, a change had taken place which made his heart leap with hope. Stumbling along, lame, suffering, and miserable, he came on one little *Banksia*, trying to grow in the cruel, rocky soil. Only one tiny twig, I guess, with a whorl of oak-like leaves around the top, brave little pioneer of the following army. At first only one. Then, after an interval, two or three; then half-a-dozen, I dare say, and one bigger than the rest, which had succeeded in blossoming and seeding, and was the parent of all these little ones. But, at all events, there were the *Banksias*, with hope hovering over their delicate green foliage. They were the harbingers of a better country beyond—they never erred. But oh, the next two days, and the horses failing, mile after mile! To be

so near, and yet so far off! Wylie wanted to lie down, and so he did. Eyre himself would have been most willing to die down and die, but still the weary feet went on almost mechanically.

At last it was done. Seven days, and 150 miles from the last water, they led their horses down a gorge in the cliffs, to the shore. The cliffs had come to an end, and a long line of lower sandhills stretched before them. They found a native well immediately; the horses were watered, and they lay down to sleep, away from the well, lest, as was most improbable, the murderers should have kept pace with them, and should surprise and kill them in the night. No such thing, however, occurred, and they never saw them again. Without doubt, they perished miserably in the bush, as, when they deserted, they were seventy miles from water in one direction, and eighty in the other.

Here another symptom of a better country appeared in the form of black cockatoos—an immense funereal-looking bird, with most funereal note I ever heard, "Wee-wah! wee-wah!" like a rusty sign on a post—yet welcomer to them than a lorikeet would have been for plumage, or than an organ-voiced magpie, finest of song-birds after the nightingale. Rain came now, when it was not wanted, and the weather on

that broad desolate shore grew wild and stormy. Eyre was suffering agonies of pain with what is called there "poisoned hand." But things on the whole looked brighter.

One of the horses was now so utterly done up that he determined to kill it, and to stay in one place for a few days to feed upon it. He communicated his intention to Wylie, who said, with extreme emphasis, "Master, you shall see me sit up all night eating;" a promise or threat which he carefully fulfilled. No sooner was so much of the horse's skin removed as to make it possible to get at some of the meat, than Wylie lit a fire, and began cooking and eating. That night he cooked twenty pounds weight of it, and he ate the main part before morning. Eyre calculates that Wylie, or any other black, would eat you his nine pounds a day on an average. I never myself calculated the amount, but I have seen them at it. Of course Wylie was horribly ill. I think I know his symptoms, though Eyre does not give them. Set a number of blacks to work on a bullock which—which you don't want for your own use, let us say; and you will see very nearly this: Your black fellow will begin cooking and eating, the meat not being done quite so brown as Mrs. George Rokesmith liked her cutlets; and after a time his stomach will

begin to swell. As the swelling goes on, the feeding becomes slower and slower, and he becomes silent. Then his face becomes passive and thoughtful, then perturbed and anxious, lastly morose and fretful. Then he begins to whimper, and throw the things about, and make foolish blows in the direction of his wife, who is far enough off by now, I warrant you. To finish all, he rolls himself on the ground with plaintive howls, until the colic has mended itself.

This feed of meat made Eyre very ill, too. Even Wylie found out that the pleasure was not worth the cost; balanced in *his* mind the relative values of horseflesh and colic, and gave up the horseflesh, consenting to a frugal supper of a little bit of bread and a spoonful of flour boiled into paste. I mention this fact as being the only circumstance which seems in the least degree incredible in Eyre's journal.

Though the weather set in deadly cold, though so cold that sleep was difficult, though Eyre's health began to fail, and though they had between four and five hundred miles to go, yet new signs of hope followed one another faster and faster. Here (position roughly 124° E. 33° S.) the Banksias became more common, and a new tree began to appear—the silver wattle (an acacia, one of the most familiar trees in the rich parts of

Australia, but whose botanical name I have not handy). More than this, at this point they saw their first hill. They had passed over a weary table-land, four or five hundred feet high, which I have, perhaps wrongly, characterised as a "down"; but it was only a table-land, the southern lip of that miserable internal basin or depression which so long deluded geographers into the belief of a central sea,—the elevated ground which stops all the internal waters, originated by a rainfall nearly equal to that of Ireland or Devonshire, back into that vast depressed region which we used to call Lake Torrens, to be evaporated there instead of finding their way to the sea by a hundred beautiful harbours. They had passed over this weary table-land, but they had never seen a hill. Now they saw one. A real Australian hill, with its crags rounded by the forest which grew upon it; a real hill, a father of waters. Eyre, with his traveller's eye, rejoiced; and one who has travelled in those quaint regions can sympathise with him. Once, after a long spell through a depressed forest country, with a somewhat depressed and saturnine friend of mine, I saw such a hill. My cynical friend turned to me and said quietly, "High hills and all pleasant places, praise ye the Lord."

The character of the country continued to give

them fresh hopes of ultimate success, for its geological character changed, and sheets of granite began to appear at low water. It gradually rose until it displaced the porous oolit; and, at last, Eyre found that he had come to a country which would carry water upon its surface. He found a slender thread of water trickling over a granite rock. It was but a mere "weep," but it was the first he had met since he had left Streaky Bay, nearly eight hundred miles behind. Grass grew more abundantly also; and the Xanthorea, or grass tree, began to appear. It got bitter cold, so that a new fear took possession of him—whether or no he should be able to face the next three hundred miles with cold and starvation as his companions. Scurvy, according to all precedent, would soon set in; and already he had to use force to get Wylie to move after sitting down. Really it seemed a hopeless business even now. He little knew what a glorious piece of good fortune God's providence had in store for him. One cannot help seeing that, but for one singular accident, the chances were still 100 to 1 against him.

The French whaler, *Mississippi*, commanded by one Rossiter, an Englishman, had found herself in these Australian seas just as the Pritchard-Tahitian dispute had breezed up to that extent

that war between France and England seemed almost a matter of certainty. Rossiter became very much alarmed. To go home and lose his voyage was ruin; to be captured by a British cruiser was ruin and imprisonment besides; yet there was no coast but that of the enemy for some thousands of miles. Under these circumstances he betook himself to the most desolate and out-of-the-way place he could think of, and anchored in a bay in lat. 34° , long. 122° , behind an island. It was a fine enough anchorage, but in those times it had no name. It was so desolate and so utterly out of the way of all human knowledge, that in the year of grace 1841 it had actually no name, for the simple reason that no one had ever been there before.

"A waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world."

They knew this coast—that it was waterless and uninhabited for a thousand miles. It did not matter to them: they had their ship, and cared little for the shore. They used to see it there every day, yellow and bare and treeless, with a few mountains on the left in the dim hot distance; so it had been for ever, and would be for evermore. But one day it had a strange new interest for them: they, as they were idly busying

themselves with cleaning their cables, which were foul, saw a man moving on the shore. It seemed incredible, but their glasses confirmed it. It was a white man, who knelt on a point and was making a fire to signal them. Half-a-dozen of them tumbled into a whale boat; and as the beautiful craft came leaping and springing towards the shore, their wonder grew into amazement. It was a white man indeed, but such a man as they had never seen before. He was wan and thin, his clothes were ragged; he seemed wild, and looked like one who had risen from the dead: a man who had evidently such a story to tell that you trembled while you waited for him to begin. Such a man stood on the very verge of a wave-worn rock among the climbing surge, with strained eyes and parted lips, eagerly holding out both his wasted hands towards them.

To say that they had him into the plunging boat off the slippery sea-weed in a minute; to say that they embraced him, patted him on the back, and looked fondly at him, that they in one breath demanded his story of him, and in the next forbade him to open his mouth until he had refreshed himself—is only to say that they were sailors, and, what is more, Frenchmen. Here was something which suited their great sailor hearts entirely. Here was unprecedented

headlong courage: here was endurance equally unprecedented: here was a man who had been where no one had been before, and had seen what no one could ever see again. To be blown a thousand miles out of your course was one thing, but to have *walked* a thousand miles was quite another. If Eyre had done the distance in a fast spring cart (that mode of locomotion which a sailor specially affects), it would have been a noble action. But to have walked seemed, I suspect, to put a halo of romance about the affair which it would not have had otherwise. At all events, their hearts were in the right place; and Eyre, from a lonely, hopeless wanderer, found himself suddenly transformed into a hero.

One must be allowed to be mildly jocular for a moment, for the story has been so miserably tragical hitherto. We would try to avoid the sin of jocularity as much as possible; there is very little temptation to it here; and yet I should be disposed to guess that Eyre was inclined to laugh boisterously at the smallest joke.

That night he slept on board the *Mississippi*. As the night darkened, the wind rose and moaned till the moan grew into a shriek, and then raved on till it became a gale. But the good ship *Mississippi*, in the lee of the island, cared little

for this, and Eyre less. Lying warm and snug in his bunk, between the blankets, he only heard the slopping tread of the officer of the watch overhead, and so knew it was raining: only heard the wild wind aloft among the rigging, and so knew that it was blowing. He thought how that rain was beating and that wind was tearing among the desolate sand-hills, where he would have lain this night had it not been for the providence of a merciful God, who, it seemed to him, was resolved to see him through it all, and not let his adventure end in utter useless disaster. So, every time he was awakened by the officer of the watch or the wind in the rigging, he said a short fervent prayer of deep thankfulness to Almighty God for His mercy, and then turned himself to happy sleep once more, only to hear the wild rain and the wilder wind singing a pleasant bass through his hopeful dreams.

For, if he *could* get through with this business, he had done what no man had ever done before, or would ever do again. The thing could never be repeated; there was not, and there is not, room on the earth for the repetition of such an adventure by a sane man. If he did it—if the cup was not dashed from his lips now—he would be immortal. It is perfectly certain that his adventure was, in its way, the greatest ever carried

through; but, as for the immortality of it, I cannot find any one in London who ever heard of it or of him. A few of the oldsters in Melbourne, and a few more in Sydney, remember the thing being done; but the expedition led to nothing positive—only proved in the most offensively practical way that you *could not*, whereas Eyre's duty as a man and explorer had been supposed to be to prove that you *could*.

He stayed a fortnight with Captain Rossiter, who treated him with the extremest kindness, though he himself was in deep anxiety about the war and the fate of his ship. He fitted out Eyre with every necessary and luxury, and started him again on his journey with every good wish. Eyre gave him bills on his agent at Albany for the things he had, but they were never presented. He never again saw or heard of the man to whom he was so deeply indebted.

He had now been a year exactly on his expedition. The splendid staff of companions with which he had started was dwindled down to one solitary savage, and there were yet two hundred and fifty miles of distance; but still hope grew stronger each mile they made forward through the driving bitter weather. The country got more interesting as his journal becomes less so.

One morning when he rose he told Wylie

that they would see the mountains beyond the Sound before night. Wylie was very sceptical about it—in fact, never really believed that they would reach the Sound at all. But in the afternoon the grand rugged outline of his native hills broke upon his view, and he gave way to the wildest transports of joy. He knew every valley in them, and every tree which feathered their sides. There his own brothers and relations were waiting for him now.

The fourth day from this they left their horses and pushed on rapidly. It was a fearfully wet day, and, though they were close to the town, they had not met a living creature facing the furious weather. The first creature they met was a native, who knew Wylie, and from him they learnt that they had been given up two months before. Shortly after Wylie was in the bosom of his enraptured tribe, and Eyre was shaking hands with Lady Spencer.

Wylie was pensioned by Government, and retired to his tribe, where, I have no doubt, he took heartily to lying about his journey, and in due time got to believe his own lies. He may be alive now, and may have seen Redpath. Peace be with him!

Mr. Eyre had now finished his journey. From the time he had dismissed the rest of his staff,

and had come on with the overseer alone, he had been four months and ten days, and had travelled in actual distance about a thousand miles. Since Baxter was murdered, and he was entirely with Wylie, he had been two months and five days, and had come between five and six hundred miles. The distance passed over, without finding one drop of surface water, was seven hundred miles, the distance from London to Vienna. He returned to Adelaide, and met with the welcome he deserved, and so the great adventure came to an end. That dreadful band of country has never been invaded since, and Baxter's bones still lie out on the desolate down, bleaching in the winds.

THE MARCH OF CHARLES STURT.

JUST now, when so much attention is being called to Australian exploration, and while the work is going on so very satisfactorily, it may not be amiss if we while away half an hour in recalling the deeds of an earlier adventurer in the same field, at a time when the nature of the country towards the interior was utterly unknown, when nearly every plant was new, and

when no navigable river had been discovered to the eastward of the Blue Mountains. Let us follow the footsteps of the first successful explorer of the interior of the great continent—of the man who penetrated almost to the centre of it, and who left his name like a monument on the great bare map of Australia for twenty years, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the boldest of his contemporaries. Let us follow the track of Charles Sturt, the father of Australian exploration.

From 1788 to 1813, the narrow strip of land between the Blue Mountains and the sea was found sufficient for the wants of a population amounting, in the latter year, to 10,400, including 1,100 military (population at present about 1,400,000). At this period, no white man had penetrated 100 miles from the sea; but, to the west, the mountains hung like a dark curtain, and shut out the knowledge of all beyond.

These mountains are but little more than 3,000 feet in height, but among the most singularly abrupt in the world—so abrupt, that they baffled every attempt to surmount them. The intrepid surgeon, Bass, explorer of the southern coast, was foiled, after the most desperate efforts. Mr. Cayley penetrated sixteen miles, to meet with the same disappointment. At length, however,

in the year 1813, the first great drought of the colony settled down inexorably; and Providence said, in most unmistakeable terms, "Cross those mountains or starve."

Three men rose and obeyed—Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lieutenant Lawson, of the 194th regiment. They fought their way to the summit, and looked over into the glorious western land. Then their provisions failed, and they came back and told what they had seen.

Australia was blessed in those days with a most energetic governor. This governor, Macquarie by name, not only sent instantly his surveyor-general, who confirmed the good news and discovered the river Macquarie, but set his convicts to work, and made a splendid road—an Australian Simplon through the mountain—and in fifteen months from that time, just as Bonaparte landed from Elba, drove his wife over the mountains (say in a gig, for respectability's sake); picnic'd on the Macquarie river, and founded the flourishing town of Bathurst.

Everything went charmingly. Mr. Evans proceeded to the westward from the picnic party, discovered another fine river (the Lachlan) flowing, like the Macquarie, full and free to the west. It seemed that, according to all precedent, these waters ran into larger ones, and that a Nile or

a Mississippi was to be discovered by merely following one's nose. The men of those times were ignorant of the vast depressed basin of the interior, in which so many fine streams lose themselves by evaporation. Oxley discovered this region. Sturt attacked it; was beaten back from it time after time on the west and north-west, but conquered it gloriously on the south-west, after a journey for which we are at a loss to find a parallel.

In 1817, Mr. Oxley, surveyor-general, went down the Lachlan, and found that it lost itself among level marshes. He tried the Macquarie, with the same result. The channel of this last river was lost among vast reed beds. A third river (the Castlereagh), traced by him, confirmed the previous observations. There was no doubt now that, in ordinary seasons, these large streams were spread abroad into a dead level country, and were lost by sheer evaporation, unless, indeed, they found their way into a vast tideless sea in the interior.

So stood the question until 1828. In 1826 another fearful drought set in, and lasted for two years. After that time, the western rivers were reported to be lower than they had ever been seen; and it became evident that now or never was the time to penetrate the vast reedy marshes

which had stopped Oxley, and, by crossing them, to see what lay beyond. An expedition was formed, and the command of it was given to Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Regiment. He started from Paramatta on the 9th of November, 1828; and on the 26th of December, having proceeded about a hundred miles down the Macquarie, and having passed for some days through a level, dreary flat, with belts of reeds, he came to a wall of reeds, which prevented his further progress by land, and necessitated the launching of his boat.

At first the course of the river was narrow and tortuous; but at length, in a very few miles, it grew broader. This, so far from being a good sign, was a bad one. The river was spreading out into the marsh; for the flood-marks, which formerly were many feet above the water, were now barely a foot. It was evident that the river was losing power; the current grew almost imperceptible, and at this point, also, the trees disappeared. Three miles further the river, thirty yards broad as it was, came to an end; the boat grounded, and Captain Sturt got out; and, for his own satisfaction, walked right round the end of it, and got in again. There was an end of the Macquarie.

Unsupplied by any tributaries, and receiving

its waters entirely from mountains 200 miles away, the time had come for the river when its mountain supply was counterbalanced in the very dry season by evaporation. In very wet seasons the surplus water is carried westward by fifty tiny channels. Carried westward, but whither? Into an inland sea, or into a great water-course running north-west? That was the problem before Captain Sturt—the problem he solved at last.

Having rowed back to his camp, Captain Sturt made an expedition, a circuit of some 200 miles to the north-west, which resulted in nothing. From this time till the 18th of January the whole party persevered in their efforts to get round the north of the miserable country which surrounded the marshes. Every attempt to the westward was foiled. The ascent of a small mountain rising out of the waste revealed nothing whatever except the horrible level expanse, stretching westward like a sea. They were, in fact, standing on the St. Kilda of the dividing range, and looking over the Atlantic of low land so recently raised from the sea.

So they struggled, westward and northward, without hope, down a dry creek, with sometimes, but very seldom, a pool of water in it. And suddenly, without expectation or preparation of

any kind, they came to the edge of a cliff some fifty or sixty feet high, at the base of which flowed a magnificent river, stretching away from north-east to south-west in vast reaches, eighty yards broad, and evidently of great depth. Splendid trees grew on its banks; its waters were covered with countless legions of pelicans, swans, and ducks; the native paths on each side of it were as broad as roads. It was a magnificent discovery. In one instant it dispelled the notion—which had arisen one hardly knows how—that the trend of land was towards the north-west. It proved at a glance that this was a great trench, carrying off all the innumerable eastern rivers southward, and showed that the Southern Ocean, and not Torres Straits, received their waters. That its sources and its *embouchure* were both far distant from the place where Sturt stood, in silent gratitude, was evident from its great size and depth; and from this moment the Darling took its place for ever among the great rivers of the world, and Charles Sturt's name was written down among the foremost of the great band of successful explorers.

Though a great geographical blunder, involving an error of nearly 2000 miles, had been cleared up, it fared but poorly with the expedition. In five minutes, or less, congratulations

and hand-shakings were exchanged for looks of incredulous horror. They forced their way to the banks of the stream, and found it was salt, too salt to be drunk.

But little more remains to be said of this great river in this place. They followed it down for many miles, subsisting precariously on the puddles of fresh water which lay about the bank. The river at night was covered with leaping fish; innumerable wild fowl still floated on its bosom; the banks were fertile and beautiful; but the water was salt. The bullocks stood in it, with only their noses above water, and refused to drink it; the men who attempted to do so were made fearfully ill. At one time they found a current in it, which they discovered was fed by great brine springs; at another, it ceased altogether, and a bar of dry sand, over which you might ride, crossed it. A strange, weird, anomalous river, on whose banks they were nigh dying of thirst!

It was necessary to turn. It was resolved on. Captain Sturt was merely to go a few miles down the river, on a forlorn hope, leaving the party behind in camp. The day was intensely clear and cloudless, burning hot, without a breath of air. Captain Sturt and Mr. Hume were sitting on the ground together, making their chart,

when they heard the boom of a great cannon, fired apparently about five miles to the N. W. The whole expedition heard it; there was no doubt about it. A man was sent up a tree, and reported nothing but perfectly level wooded country in every direction. What that sound was we shall never know. Neither the captain in the army, nor the brave gentleman-pioneer and bushman, nor the convicts, could make head or tail of it. No doubt, coming at such a time, "it made a strong impression on us for the rest of the day."

Captain Sturt, with Mr. Hume, went forty miles down the river, and found it stretching away south-west, in reaches grander and more majestic than before, covered with wildfowl, swarming with fish, but as salt as ever. There he left it, to meet it twice again—once higher up, as we shall see immediately; and once again hundreds of miles away, in the most awful moment of his adventurous life.

We need say but little more. After terrible hardships the expedition succeeded in striking the Darling ninety miles higher up than the first point of discovery, and recognised it in an instant. The same long canal-like reaches; the same clouds of water-fowl and shoals of fish; the water still intensely salt! They had now

seen it through 150 miles of its course, and found no change. It was time to abandon the expedition. They got back in safety, having by tact and courage avoided any collision with the natives. The results were important. The trend of the interior basin was southward, not northward! From the water-marks by the shore of this great canal-like river, it was evident that in nine summers out of ten, in any season almost but this, the driest hitherto known in the history of the colony, the rainfall would be sufficiently great to overpower the brine springs in its bed, and make it run fresh. And, lastly, from the size of the channel, it was inferred that the sources of the river were many hundred miles to the north, probably within the tropic.*

And now we come to the second and greater expedition. The question remained, "What becomes of the Darling towards the south-west?"

It seemed an utterly hopeless task to carry boats back to the point at which Captain Sturt had touched it, to launch them on its waters, and to run down. The plan evidently was to try and cut it at a point lower down; but how? The Macquarie had been tried, as we see. The

* This branch of the Darling, which may be called the true Darling, loses its name higher up, but may be roughly said to rise in the latitude of Moreton Bay (27°). The lower part, however, receives waters from far inside the tropic.

Lachlan was known to be a miserable poor thing of a river, worse than the Macquarie. What remained? What river was there flowing west with vitality sufficient to reach the Darling before it perished?

The Morumbidgee? Well, that did seem something of the kind—rising here behind Mount Dromedary, fed by a thousand streaming creeks, from a thousand peaceful gullies, till it grew to manhood, to strength, to passion, and hurled itself madly from right to left, against buttress after buttress of its mountain-walled prison, until it was free; and then sweeping on, sleeping here, snarling there, under lofty hanging woodlands, through broad, rich river flats, through a country fit for granary of an empire, sometimes in reaches still as glass, sometimes in long foaming shallows of frosted silver. A river among rivers, growing in majesty and beauty, as a hundred tributaries added to its volume, until at last, where the boldest stockman had left it and turned, it went still westward, a chain of crimson reaches, towards the setting sun! Could this river die, save in the great eternal ocean? Was there a curse on the land, that such a thing should happen?

This is very unbusiness-like language. But I think it must have been something of this kind

which Charles Sturt meant, when he said that the attention of the Colonial Government was, under these circumstances, drawn to the fact that the volume of water in the Morumbidgee was more considerable than that in either of the rivers before mentioned, and did not seem to decrease, but rather the contrary, in a westerly direction. So they deputed Captain Sturt to follow down the Morumbidgee, and find out whether he could carry it on until it cut the Darling. Saul went after his father's asses, and found a kingdom. Captain Sturt went to look after that miserable old Darling, and found a kingdom also, and a very fine one too.

But there was another reason which gave people great hopes that the Morumbidgee went somewhere, and not nowhere, like other Australian rivers. In 1825 Mr. Hume (before mentioned) and Mr. Hovell had gone a strange journey to the south-west, keeping great mountains on their left, to the south and east, nearly all the way, through an utterly unknown but fine and well-watered country, until, when 500 miles from Sydney, they came on a great arm of the sea, and came back again, disputing whether or no they had reached the Port Phillip of Collins, or the Western Port of Bass. It was, in fact, the former, though they could not decide it.

This journey of theirs, down to the desolate shores of a lonely sea, was made only forty-five years ago; yet the best way to describe it now is to say that they passed through the towns of Yass, Goulbourn, Albury (with the wonderful bridge), Wangaratta, Benalla, Seymour, and Kilmore, until they came to the city of Melbourne, which is now slightly larger than Bristol, and exports eleven millions a year. "Darn 'em," said an old Yankee to me once, *à propos* of the new South Australian discoveries, "they're at it again, you see."

On their route they crossed three large streams, going north and west from the mountains which were between them and the sea, which they named the Hume, the Ovens, and the Goulburn. Now, if either of these streams joined the Morumbidgee, there were great hopes that their united tides would be strong enough to bear one on to the junction with the Darling. These were the prospects of the expedition. We will now resume our narrative.

A whale-boat was constructed, fitted loosely, and taken to pieces again and packed in the drays, ready for construction in the interior. A still was also provided, lest the waters of the Darling should be found salt where they struck it. The expedition started from Sydney on the

3rd of November, 1829, exactly a year after the starting of the previous one, whose course we have so shortly followed. Mr. Hume was unable to accompany Captain Sturt on this journey. His principal companions were Mr. George Macleay; Harris, his soldier servant; Hopkinson, soldier friend of Harris; Frazer, an eccentric Scot, declining to forego his uniform; dogs; a tame black boy on horseback; Clayton, a stolid carpenter; the rest convicts.

On the 21st of the month, they were getting among the furthest stations. "From east-south-east to west-north-west, the face of the country was hilly, broken, and irregular, forming deep ravines and precipitous glens, amid which I was aware the Morumbidgee was still struggling for freedom; while mountains succeeded mountains in the background, and were themselves overtopped by lofty and distant peaks." So says Captain Sturt, in his vigorous, well-chosen language.

At last they reached the river of their hopes, rushing, crystal-clear, over a bed of mountain *débris*, in great curves and reaches, across and across the broad meadows, which lay in the lap of the beautiful wooded mountains which towered up on all sides, and which, in places, abutted so closely on the great stream that they had to

cross and recross it many times, with great difficulty. Immediately they were beyond the limits of all geographical knowledge; the last human habitation was left behind at the junction of the Tumut, a river as big as the Morumbidgee, about ten miles above the present town of Gundagai, which has since acquired a disastrous notoriety for its fatal floods. The river was stronger and broader than ever, leading them on towards the great unknown south-west.

The reaches grew broader, and the pasture on the flats more luxuriant; yet still hope grew stronger. The natives, such as they saw, were friendly; they caught fish, one of which weighed 40 pounds (a small thing that, though; they run up to 120 pounds). The ranges still continued on either hand. Hope grew higher and higher—it was to be a mere holiday expedition! At length they left the ranges, and came out on to the great basin of the interior once more; and a dull, unexpressed anxiety began to grow on them hour after hour. The country was getting so horribly like the miserable desert which had balked them before, on the Macquarie.* Still the river held on bravely,

* How greatly would their anxiety have been increased had they been aware, as we are now, that the river had actually bifurcated already immediately below the beautiful Hamilton

and any unexperienced man would have scouted the idea of its losing itself among reed marshes. But ugly symptoms began to show themselves. The soil grew sandy, and was covered with the claws of dead crayfish. The hated cypress began to show, too. Two blacks, who had been induced to accompany them, turned back, evidently never expecting to see them again. Things began to look bad.

And worse as they went on. They began to get among the reeds again. The plains stretched away treeless and bare to the north-east as far as they could see, and the river, their last hope, began to grow smaller. They got entangled among sheets of polygonum (a gloomy and leafless bramble); the crested pigeon and the black quail appeared—all strong symptoms of the interior desert.

Toiling over a dreary sand plain, in which the dray horses sunk fetlock-deep, they came to a broad, dry creek, which seemed to be the junction or one of the junctions of the Lachlan. They headed back to the river again; but one of the men, sent on on horseback, rode back to say that the noble river was gone—that there

Plains, and that, after a ramble of 150 miles with more or less prosperity, the smaller arm reached the Murray eleven miles above the junction of the main channel.

was nothing to be seen but reeds, reeds, reeds in all directions. They had been deceived by another Macquarie!

Fortunately not. After a terrible day on horseback, Sturt forced his way to the river once more, and lay down, half dead with fatigue, in utter despair on its banks. He could not sleep, but, as he lay awake under the winking stars, his purpose grew. At daybreak he was up and on horseback with Macleay. They rode till noon through belts of reeds, the river still holding its own to the south-west. At noon Sturt reined up, and the deed was done. He asked no advice, he allowed no discussion. He told Mr. Macleay that to push round the reeds toward the north-west in search of the Darling was to endanger the expedition—that the river was still alive; that at any moment it might join a stream from the south-east (he meant one of the three streams discovered by Hovell and Hume, before mentioned); that his fixed and unalterable purpose was to send the drays and horses back, to put together the whale-boat, and to row down the river into such country and towards such fate as Providence should will.

One can fancy the smile that came over Macleay's face as his tall, gaunt chief sat upright in his saddle and announced his determination to

take this bold and desperate step, for such it was. All the expedition, convicts and all, understood the situation perfectly, and worked accordingly. *In seven days not only had the whale-boat been put together, but a tree had been felled from the forest, sawn up, and another boat built and painted; and at the end of the seventh day both were in the water ready for loading.*

Of the convicts he took the carpenter, Clayton, who had superintended and mainly done this wonderful week's work (what *could* such a fine fellow have been doing to get transported?), Mulholland, and Macnamee; of free men, Harris, the captain's servant, Hopkinson, and Frazer (all these three, I believe, soldiers). The others were sent home, under charge of *Robert Harris*, with despatches.

So they started, rowing the whale-boat, and towing the little boat which they had made after them. The stream was strong, and they swept on between the walls of reeds at a good pace. Two emus swimming across the river before them caused them to land; and, forcing their way to the other bank, they found that the reeds were ceasing, and that they were fairly committed to the level interior on a stream which was obviously contracting.

Again the reeds hemmed them in on all sides,

so closely that there was barely room to land and camp; the river holding due west. On the morning of the second day the skiff they were towing struck on a sunken log, and went down, with all their stores. The day was spent in raising her, and in diving after the head of the still to which they attached such importance. In the morning it was recovered, and they made sixteen miles. The fourth day of their voyage found them still hemmed in by reeds, which overshadowed the still diminishing river; and it came on to rain, turning also very cold. They camped at two o'clock. No tributary had met them as yet, and hope began to die.

As the current began to deaden, the vast logs carried down by the floods from the better country above began to choke the river, rendering the navigation difficult. But on the sixth day of their voyage there came a gleam of hope. A running creek from the south-east, the first tributary for 340 miles, joined the Morumbidgee, and the boat struck on a reef of rocks, the first ribs of the earth found west of the dividing range; the river grew slightly better, and even the country seemed slightly to improve.

But next day it seemed as if it were all over with the expedition. The river contracted, and was so obstructed by a network of fallen logs

that it was impossible to proceed. Night fell upon them, and they delayed the attempt of their forlorn hope until the morning.

They started early. The current was, strange to say, swift once more, and every man had to be on the alert to keep his part of the boat from striking the jagged points of the trees, which, being carried down roots foremost, presented a horrible *cheval de frise*, one touch against which would have left them hopelessly destitute in the midst of a miserable desert. Hopkinson stood in the bow, and behaved like a hero, leaping off on to snags, which sank under his weight, and saving them a dozen times. They pushed through the barrier, which had delayed them the night before; but, alas! at every reach the same difficulties occurred. At one o'clock they stopped a short time, and then proceeded, the banks becoming more narrow and gloomier, the turns in the river more abrupt, and the stream very swift. At three o'clock Hopkinson, who was in the bows, called out that they were approaching a junction; in less than one single minute afterwards, they were shot like an arrow from a bow, through a narrow channel into a magnificent river. The Morumbidgee was no more; and they, dazed and astonished, were floating on the bosom of the majestic

Murray, henceforth one of the great rivers of the world.

What a moment in the man's life! It was not merely that a desperate adventure had terminated—as it would seem at the moment—favourably. There was more to congratulate himself on than the mere lucky issue of an adventure. A very carefully considered geographical problem, originated by his sagacity, had been solved by his perseverance. He had argued that the Hume, Ovens, and Goulbourn, seen by Hume and Hovell flowing north, would “form a junction,” or, as vulgarians would say, “join,” and that the Morumbidgee would retain sufficient strength to carry its waters to them. The one difficulty had been the Morumbidgee, and that river had not deceived him, though he had so cruelly suspected it. Sturt must have felt on that afternoon, as Adams did, when, having finished his vast calculations, he sat looking through his telescope, and saw the long-expected Neptune roll into the field, or as Herschel and his sister felt, after their three months' labour to correct one unfortunate mistake, when they saw a dim needle of light in the west, which was not a star.

If one had to find fault with Captain Sturt's proceedings, one would be forced to say that it

would have been better, on the discovery of this great river, to have gone back at once, to have brought on his depôt, to have communicated with his base of operations at Sydney, and to have done the whole thing with a Fluelen-like attention to the rules of war. I am happy to say such a thing never entered into his head. Sir Galahad saw his horse, armour, and sword, and recognised it as the means of reaching the Sangreal. Sturt saw his boat full of convicts, and recognised it as the means of solving the great problem of the out-fall of the western waters. I say I am glad that Sturt committed himself to his strange, wild adventure without one moment's hesitation, like a knight-errant; if for no other reason, because one is glad to see the spirit of the sixteenth century so remarkably revived in the nineteenth. Charles Sturt, the Dorsetshire squire's son, turned his boat's head westward, down the swift current of the great new river, knowing well that each stroke of the oar carried him further from help and hope, but knowing also that a great problem was before him, and begrudging any other man the honour of solving it. It is not well for us to sneer at motives such as these. We must recognise personal ambition as a good and necessary thing, or half our great works would be left undone.

He disconnected himself from his base, and began to move his little flying column. Whither?

It seems, from a later passage in his journal, that he had some notion of reaching the Southern Ocean, and coasting back in his whale-boat. I cannot but think that he (who afterwards showed himself so patient and so sagacious in his unparalleled journey to the centre of the continent) had, on this occasion, calculated, to some extent, the chances against him; yet by his journal one finds no trace of any calculation whatever. Here was the great river, flowing swiftly westward, and he turned his boat's head down it, "*vogue la galère.*"

The Murray, where he joined it, was 120 yards broad; say, roughly, one-third broader than Henley reach. The Murray, however, above its junction with the Morumbidgee, is both swifter and deeper, as well as broader, than the Thames at Henley. Captain Sturt speaks of it as being perfectly clear. It doubtless was so in January; but later on in the summer I think he would have found it assume a brown, peaty colour. At least, such is my impression. I used to notice this fact about nearly all the rivers I knew in Australia Felix. While the vegetable matter was thoroughly washed out of them and diluted by the winter floods, they were—instance

the Yarra, Goulbourn, and Ovens—very clear. But later on in the summer, towards February, they began, as the water got lower, to get stained and brown, although not foul; and the little *Thymallus* of the Yarra, the only one of the salmonidæ which, as far as I am aware, exists to any extent in Australia, seems only to rise to the fly while the waters are clear and green, but to go to the bottom during the summer.

On the lower part of the Morumbidgee they had seen no natives; but on the very first day on the Murray, as we now call this great river, natives re-appeared. In the evening a large band of them, painted and prepared for war, advanced on Sturt and his few companions, through the forest. The sight was really magnificent. They halted and broke out into their war-cry. They threatened and gesticulated; but at last, when they had lost their breath, they grew calm, nay, began to get rather alarmed, for no one took the slightest notice of them—which was very alarming indeed. Sturt got them to come down to him, and gave them presents; then put them in a row, and fired his gun in the air. The result was an instant and frantic “stampede.” However, after a time, they were induced to return, and sixteen of them, finding no one was

the worse of the gun, stayed with them all night. Next day they followed them, and entreated them to stay with them. Their astonishment at the gun shows that Sturt and his party were the first white men they had seen.

It was, in all human probability, *these very blacks*, at least the children and young men among them, who gave some curious trouble to the police at Swanhill, as late as 1854. I say, in all human probability, for Sturt was at this time barely sixty miles from the town we now call Swanhill, though then close upon four hundred miles from human habitation. The story about these blacks, as it was told me at the time, was this:—A Chinaman, one of those wretched Amoy emigrants that were poured in on us so plentifully at that time, wandered; and he wandered to Swanhill. Why he went there nobody knows, for the simple reason that he had no earthly cause for going there. But he followed his nose, did this Chinaman, and he got to Swanhill; and, when he got there, there were a tribe of river blacks hanging about the town who found him walking in a wood near that place; and these blacks instantly possessed themselves of his person and carried him off into the bush on the other side of the river. The Chinaman did not care a button. He had

come on his travels, and during those travels he had come on a tribe of savages, who carried him away into a forest—an ordinary piece of business enough to a man whose knowledge of the world was confined to a back street in Whampoa. You cannot astonish a Sinee or a Chinaman—the wonders they *do* meet with fall so far below their ignorant anticipations.

So the Chinaman was marched off, perfectly contented, by the black fellows, into the bush. The black fellows removed from the neighbourhood of the settlement, that they might enjoy their prize without interruption. They fed him with the rarest dainties. Grubs, opossum (originally, and with careful cooking, nasty, but which, when chucked on the fire unskinned, ungutted, unprepared, is a good deal nastier), snake, lizard, cockatoo, centipede, hermetically sealed meat from the station which had been unfortunate, lob-worms, and every other inconceivable beastliness which black fellows devour before their wives come and beg Epsom salts of you, did this Chinaman enjoy. And they sat and looked at him all day long. The thing was kept a profound secret. It was a wonderful catch for them.

Why? Just for the same reason that you, my dear reader, not so very long ago, used to be

so proud when you caught a mouse or a squirrel, and let your sisters peep into the box where you kept it, as a very particular favour. Nothing else than that—just the childish instinct of keeping something they had caught, as they kept Buckley the convict. But, unluckily, the thing leaked out.

One of those old men, (“flour-bag cobblers,” as they are irreverently called by the young men,) who are allowed to visit three or four of the tribes neighbouring their own without molestation, happened to visit this particular tribe. They could not keep their counsel. In a weak moment, with looks of exultation, they showed him their tame Chinaman. Fired with rage and envy at such an inestimable prize having fallen into the clutches of a rival tribe, this wicked and envious old man went away and informed the police.

The thing got wind; philanthropists took it up; they were determined to benefit this Chinaman, nill-he will-he. That he was comfortable in his present quarters was nothing; he had no business to be, if he was. Public opinion was brought to bear, and a police-man was sent into the bush, to fetch him back.

But they wouldn't give him up. They put their case in this way. They said, “He is not a white man, as you yourselves will allow; there-

fore he can't belong to you. He is not a black man, for he is yellow; therefore we set up no claim that he is ours. But we, on the other hand, found him walking in a wood, and *caught* him. Consequently, by all laws, human and divine, he *must* belong to us." Their case was strong, but it would not do; the trooper was sent back again and fetched the Chinaman away from among the sulky blacks. I do not know what became of him; he may have followed his nose—a thing that may be done without the slightest personal hardship in Australia—to this day; but I rather think I can guess what happened to the old black man who "split" to the police. I rather fancy that he found himself laid on his stomach on the grass one moonshiny night, getting himself beaten raw sienna and pale yellow madder about the back; which is the same thing as being beaten black and blue is to a white man.

Such were these poor children of the wilderness in 1854, who were frightened by Sturt's gun in 1829. Poor wretches! It unluckily happened, by mismanagement on both sides, that it came to be a struggle for bare existence between them and the first squatters. Horrible atrocities were committed on both sides; Glenelg poisonings and seven stockmen massacres on the part of

the whites, and innumerable butcheries of lonely shepherds on the part of the blacks. Having heard the case argued so very often as I have, I cannot pronounce any sweeping condemnation on either blacks or whites. If you deny the squatters the right to defend their lives and property, you come inexorably to the conclusion that we have no business in Australia at all. Have we, or have we not, a right to waste lands occupied by savage tribes? If we have not, the occupation of Australia is an act of piracy. If we have, then the confiscation of the Waikato lands ought to have been done thirty years ago, before we supplied the Maories with guns. This is the sort of result you come to, if you apply any general rule to our colonial policy. The law of purchase, which makes us legal owners in New Zealand, proves us to be pirates in Australia.

Meanwhile Sturt sleeps his first night on the Murray. It is time that he, Macleay, and his boatful of soldiers and convicts should awaken and go on.

The river improved with them mile after mile. The current, fed by innumerable springs grew stronger, and its course was often impeded by bars of rock, which formed rapids, and which showed, also, that they were near to high, water-producing ground; elevations of sandstone,

seventy or eighty feet in height, began to appear also; still, however, the river held towards the *north* of west, and the country appeared unpromising in that direction.

For six days, passing over a distance of say 190 miles, they swept onwards down the river without adventure. On the sixth day they fell in with a great tribe of natives, who at first threatened them, but, after being encouraged, made friends with them; for in Mr. Macleay they recognised a dead man, named Rundi, who had been killed by a spear-wound in his side, and had come back to them in his shape. The poor fools ran with the boats which contained their beloved Rundi for two days, and on the morning of the third day Sturt saw them clustering eagerly on a lofty bank ahead of them, watching their movements with intense anxiety.

He soon saw why. Sweeping round a sharp turn in the river, he, without a moment's preparation, found himself on the glassy lip of a rapid, which instantly below burst into a roaring cataract. There was just time for him to stand up in the stern sheets and *decide*. There seemed to be two channels, and he rammed his boat at the left one. In the midst of the rapid she struck on a rock. The skiff which they were towing swept past them and hung in the torrent,

but the whale-boat remained firmly fixed. At the terrible risk of her being so lightened as to sweep down the cataract broadside on, two men got out and swung her into the comparatively still water below the rock. After this, having got her head to the stream, they lowered her into safety—thus passing, with incredible good fortune, an obstacle which would have to be passed again on their return. Again the behaviour of the convicts was splendid. One need say nothing of the others, of course.

So passed one adventure: we now approach another and a more terrible one.

The river still perversely held to the north of west, but the friendly natives, in describing its course, always pointed a *little* to the south of west. But, besides this, they made a curious diagram by placing sticks across one another, which no one could understand. Frazer, the Scot, played with them; he sat up with them all night, to his and their infinite contentment; but in the morning they were gone.

The reason was soon apparent,—they were approaching another tribe. The next morning, the river being so much wider, they hoisted a sail, and sailed pleasantly on. They saw vast flocks of wildfowl overhead; and, after nine miles, looking forward, saw that they were approaching

a band of magnificent trees, of dense, dark foliage; and beneath them was a vast band of natives, in full war-paint, chanting their war songs, and standing line behind line, quivering their spears. The passage of the river was about to be disputed at last.

At first Sturt thought nothing of it. The river was so broad that he could easily pass them. But the blacks knew what they were about. The river suddenly shoaled; the current was swift; and Sturt saw that a great sandbank stretched suddenly one-third across the river below. This the natives took possession of, and this Sturt had to pass.

It seemed a perfectly hopeless business. The expedition was within five minutes of its conclusion. The people at home in Dorsetshire yonder, praying for those travelling by land or by water that Sunday, would have prayed a little more eagerly, I take it, if they had known to what pass tall young Squire Charley had brought himself at eleven o'clock that morning. Macleay and two of the men were to defend the boat with the bayonet; Captain Sturt, Hopkinson, and Harris were to keep up the fire. There would not have been much firing or bayonetting either, after the first flight of a couple of hundred spears or so, each one thrown by a

man who could probably hit a magpie at ten yards.

The boat drifted on, the men again behaving nobly. Sturt fixed on a savage, and said he must die; his gun was at his shoulder, but it was never fired. Before he pulled the trigger, Macleay called his attention to the left bank. A native, running at the top of his speed, dashed into the water, swam and splashed across, seized the native at whom Sturt was aiming by the throat, and forced him back; and then driving in the natives, who were wading towards the boat, back on to the sand-bank by the mere strength of his fury, the noble fellow stood alone before the whole tribe of maddened savages, before three hundred quivering spears, stamping, gesticulating, threatening, almost inarticulate in his rage.

They were saved. They were just drifting past their preserver when the boat touched on a sand-bank; in an instant they had her off. For a minute or two they floated like men in a dream, incredulous of their safety; and, while they were preparing to go back to the assistance of the gallant savage, they looked to their right, and saw the Darling—saw it come rolling its vast volume of water in from the northward. The Darling—the river they had tried to follow the year before, five hundred miles to the north,

in the miserable desert—found once more, at this terrible time, when each man sat on his thwart, paralyzed with the fear of the terrible danger just over-past!

They saw about seventy natives on the bank of the new river, and landed among them. Seeing this, the others, on the tongue of land between the two rivers, began to swim across, unarmed, in curiosity. Now they saw the extent of their danger. Captain Sturt, a soldier, used to calculate numbers of men, puts the number of hostile natives at no less than six hundred. They soon became quiet. Sturt rewarded his friend with every expression of good will, but refused to give anything to the hostile chiefs. After rowing a few miles up the Darling, which he found a more beautiful stream than the Murray, and perfectly fresh, he turned his boat's head and renewed his voyage, running up the Union Jack and giving three cheers. They hoisted their sail, and went onwards with their strange adventure.

The channel grew to be much obstructed with large fallen logs of timber, and sand-banks began to appear. Sturt considers that, just after the junction of the Darling, they were not more than fifty feet above the level of the sea. Enormous flocks of wild-fowl flew high overhead. The

blacks were friendly enough and curious enough. They broke up the skiff they had towed so far, and found the river, since the junction, holding, as the black fellows had shown them, slightly south of west on the whole. They had now been rowing rapidly down stream for eighteen days.

Day succeeded day, and they still rowed on. After they had passed the junction of the Darling, no further hostility was exhibited by the natives. Their valiant friend, who had risked his life to save theirs, had done his work well. They now found themselves passed on from tribe to tribe, by ambassadors, and treated in the most friendly way. Seldom do we get an instance of the action of one powerful mind producing such remarkable results. The poor savage was a typical person. In reading the history of the encroachments of the white race on the coloured race, one always finds a Montezuma, a man in advance of the thoughts of his countrymen—a man who believes in us and our professions, and thinks that the great hereafter will be a millennium of tomahawks, looking-glasses, and Jews'-harps. This poor fellow could hardly have succeeded in keeping the blacks quiet without some degree of eloquence. That, when he, single-handed, drove back two or three hundred of them on the sand-

bank, he merely frightened them by his fury into believing that the whites were a sacred and terrible race I can quite believe. But after this he must have gone into particulars, and, showing the tomahawks Sturt had given them, have begun to lie horribly. There is no other way of accounting for the singular change in the behaviour of the natives. Captain Sturt's great gun trick fell perfectly dead on the audience at this part of the river. They had heard of it, and never so much as winked an eye at the explosion, but sat defiantly still. The temper of the natives must have been at this time neutral. They were determined to give these men—these white men—these men who came from the land of looking-glasses—these distributors of tenpenny nails—these fathers of Jews'-harps—a fair trial, on condition of their acting up to the character given of them by those natives who already had received tomahawks—on condition in short of being each one furnished with a looking-glass, a string of beads, and a tomahawk. This being impossible, Sturt was treated very much like an impostor on his way back, being made answerable for the wild representation of his friends. If the blacks had any cause for their behaviour, it must have been this.

They let them pass on from tribe to tribe,

undergoing the most loathsome examination from the poor diseased savages. And now a new feature showed itself upon the river. The left bank became lofty, above 100 feet high, of fantastically water-worn clay, apparently like the domes of the Mississippi or the cliffs near Bournemouth. The natives as yet gave no information about the sea.

Now, after twenty-two days on the river, and when they had come some three hundred miles on it, it came on to rain heavily and steadily. They noticed the height of the flood-marks, and saw that a flood would be their destruction; for the men were beginning to fail rapidly.

The river turned hopelessly north again, thrown in that direction by cliffs, apparently, from Sturt's description, of pleiocene or post-pleiocene formation. The river ran in a fine glen between them. Still for another hundred miles the river held north-west, and there was no change.

At last there came a message from the sea. A very, very old man, whom they met walking through a wood, fell in love with Hopkinson, and followed them. He got into the boat with them, and spoke to Sturt by signs. He pointed to the north-west, and laid his head upon his hand; that was intelligibly—they would sleep that night at a point to the north-west. But what

did the old fellow mean by insisting on sleeping due south the night after, and why did he roar like the sea, and imitate waves with his hand? What strange change was coming?

The great change of all. They had come to the Great Bend, which lies exactly on the thirty-fourth parallel of south latitude. From this point the character of the river changes, and it runs due south towards the sea. The scenery becomes magnificent, the water deeper, the reaches longer, its breadth about a quarter of a mile; and so it goes on, increasing in beauty and magnificence, for the next hundred miles.

Here for the first time the gulls came overhead, and Frazer would have shot one, only Sturt forbade him to kill the messengers of glad tidings. Here too the south wind, which saved their lives, began to blow, and the whale-boat began to leap and plunge upon the waves which rolled up the long windy reaches. Sometimes the river would strike tall cliffs, beautifully ornamented with trees; in other places would sough among great beds of reeds.

When this weary hundred miles was nearly passed they found that there was a tide in the river of nearly eight inches; and next day Sturt got out of the boat and climbed a hill, and saw that the end of it all was to come. *Thalatta!*

Thalatta! There it was at last, in the distance, with one great solitary headland, wrapped in a mist of driving sea-spray.

Between where he stood and the sea, the river expanded into a large lake, and this he determined to cross for the purpose of seeing whether there was a practicable channel into the sea. The spot on which he stood is nearly identical with the Ferry, at Wellington, a township on the Adelaide road. The nearest human habitation to him at that time, 1829, must have been nearly 700 miles away as the crow flies. Now, if he stood there, he would be able to take coach to the city of Adelaide, fifty miles distant, containing 25,000 inhabitants, and would pass through a beautiful settled country all the way. Or he could get on board one of the fleet of steamers which now ply on this river, and might go up in her above a thousand miles into the network of rivers which spread out of the Murray and the Darling.

Lake Alexandrina was the name he gave to this beautiful lake, fifty miles in length, across which they sailed in one day, and at sunset heard the surf bursting in on the sand. The next day they went down to the shore, and bathed in the great Southern Ocean.

There was no available passage into the sea. Had there been, Sturt thinks he would have made

for Van Dieman's Land. As it was, he was eight hundred miles from help, with failing provisions and sickening men, a strong current, a danger of natives, who had by this time repented allowing them to pass, and violent physical pain of his own to contend with. Was ever man in such a case?

The men could not have rowed all the way, as became evident afterwards. God, it seemed, would not have the expedition perish, and most unexpectedly He sent a strong south wind, which lashed the broad lake and the long reaches of the Murray into waves, and before which they hoisted their sail and sped away homewards, across the solitary lake, among the swift sea-fowl as though their whale-boat was seized with a panic as soon as they turned, and was flying for life.

At last the breeze died away and the weary rowing began; but the wind had just made the difference between safety and ruin. They had a row before them of seven hundred miles, on bread and water. They reached the Great Bend twenty days after they had left it, and turned the boat's head eastward. From thence to the junction with the Darling they were frequently in danger from the natives, but no accident occurred. They rowed on with failing strength,

frequently sleeping while labouring at the oar, through intensely hot weather, and with the growing terror of the rapid, which had nearly shipwrecked them before, getting only stronger as they approached it.

At last they reached it. Their most desperate efforts were utterly unavailing; they were up to their armpits in water, holding their boat in the lee of a rock, where they were suddenly surrounded by hundreds of armed natives. They were utterly defenceless, and the captain thought that the end of it all was come in good earnest this time. But the natives remained silent, resting on their spears, and Sturt heard the deep voice he knew so well—the voice of the native who had saved them before. The noble fellow was there again, just at their extremest need.

With the help of the natives they got their boat through, and went on. Noticeable at this point is this circumstance:—The sugar had run short, and there was but six pounds remaining. The convicts and soldiers unanimously begged Sturt and Macleay to keep it for their own use. Now what sort of convicts and soldiers were those who did this? And what sort of men were they who brought them into this temper? These extracts, too, are worth keeping, as exhibiting character:—“We were not always equal to a

trial of temper (with the blacks) after our day's work." And about the blacks again—"They lay down close to our tents, or around our fire. When they were apparently asleep I watched them narrowly. Macnamee was walking up and down with his firelock, and every time he turned his back one of the natives rose gently and poised his spear at him; and, as soon as he thought Macnamee was about to turn, he dropped as quietly into his place. When I say the native got up, I do not mean that he stood up, but that he raised himself sufficiently for the purpose he had in view. His spear would not, therefore, have gone with much force; but I determined it should not quit his hand, for, had I observed any actual attempt to throw it, I should unquestionably have shot him dead upon the spot."

We return to him entering the Morumbidgee, since leaving which they had rowed 1,500 miles, through an unknown desert country. Pause and think of this an instant; it is really worth while to do so. On the fifty-fifth day from their leaving it, they re-entered the narrow, gloomy channel of the tributary; the navigation was much obstructed, in consequence of the river having fallen. On the seventy-seventh day, having reached the place where the whale-boat had been launched, after a voyage of 2,000 miles, they met with their

greatest disappointment. Their companions were not there. The drays had failed to meet them, and the depôt was deserted.

The men lost heart now for the first time. The river suddenly rose, and for seventeen terrible days longer they rowed without energy—almost without hope—against a swift current. They became terribly haggard, and at last the first man went mad, and showed the others the terrible fate in store for them, and forced them, in addition to their own gloomy thoughts, to listen to the raving of a lunatic. The mind of the chief himself became a little off its balance. With his noble simplicity he says:—"I became captious, and found fault when there was no occasion, and lost the equilibrium of my temper in contemplating the condition of my companions, . . . No murmur, however, escaped them. Macleay preserved his good humour to the last."

At Hamilton Plains, being still ninety miles from assistance by land, they abandoned the boat and took to the bush. It became necessary to send the two strongest men for assistance. Hopkinson and Mulholland were honoured by the selection, and the others remained camped. On the eighth day Sturt served out the last ounce of flour, and prepared to move his foodless and exhausted men on their way towards assistance.

Suddenly there was a shout, and they knew that aid was come one way or another. Hopkinson and Mulholland had found the drays; and then these noble fellows, disregarding their fearful condition, had hastened back with a few necessities to their chief, to fall utterly exhausted on the ground before him, but to tell him with smiling faces that he was saved.

The two great successful river-adventures of this century are undoubtedly Sturt's discovery of the Murray and Speke's discovery of the source of the Nile. But Sturt's discovery has of course led to commercial results far greater than any which can come from that of Speke. The Murray, draining a basin nearly equal to that of the true Mississippi (omitting the Missouri and Arkansas basins) is now covered with steamboats, and flows through three splendid republics, whose presidents are nominated by the British Crown. No city stands on the Murray, in consequence of the unfortunate bar at the mouth, and so the dockyards required by the fleet of steamers are on Lake Victoria. But the beautiful city of Adelaide is but seventy miles off, and now, unless I am mistaken, connected with it by the Goolwa railway. And Charles Sturt has earned for himself the title of the father of Australian exploration.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE VILLAGE OF INVERQUOICH.

AFTER all, what is best worth seeing and studying in Scotland is, not the Scotch scenery, but the Scotch people; and the way to make acquaintance with the people of any country is not to go raging about in cars and coaches along route 794, and stopping at station 65 two hours, so that you may see the Druidical stones, and be in time to get to station 66 in time to see the sun set behind Ben Dumbledore, and catch the steamer on Loch Houlakin next morning, but to set yourself quietly down for a month or so in some quiet interesting place (say Aberfeldy), and make acquaintance with the people and the scenery together.

This is what we did at Inverquoich; and we think that very few people enjoyed themselves in Scotland last year more than ourselves. One advantage we gained, which is worth something. We have left some faces behind us in Inverquoich which we hope to see next year, but which, even if we never see them again, we shall always hold in most affectionate remembrance. Answer us, headlong tourist, How many friends did *you* make in Scotland last year?

THE SCENERY NEAR INVERQUOICH.

The best approach to Inverquoich is from Aberfeldy. And, in mentioning Aberfeldy, I may say that all, or nearly all, which we found at Inverquoich may be found there or at Rannoch, or at fifty other places in Scotland, if people will only take the trouble to find them out.

Leaving Aberfeldy, you cross Marshal Wade's bridge over the Tay, the largest river in Scotland—here carrying about the same flood of water as the Thames at Oxford. In the meadow to the left the old Black Watch embodied itself into the Forty-second Highlanders, and marched forth into the world conquering and to conquer. And, while you are trying to recall some of the main incidents of that regiment's glorious career, the driver stops, and points out Menzies Castle, close to the road—Tully Veolan itself—with 700 feet of towering wood rising sheer behind. Menzies Castle, however, is not the original of Tully Veolan. The place most like it is Grandtully Castle, five miles from this, rented this year by Maharajah Dhuleep Sing (the black prince, as they call him here), who has earned a reputation in these parts as a good shot and capital fisherman. He must find it rather cold. There can be no harm in mentioning that the present owner

of Menzies Castle, Sir Robert Menzies, and his brother Fletcher, rowed in the Oxford boat at Henley years ago, Sir Robert being ill, when they beat Cambridge with seven oars against eight.

The valley of the Tay at this part is about two miles in width. Looking westward, you see Ben Lawers, streaked with snow; you have one glimpse of the Towers of Taymouth and the lake. Then you turn up the valley of the Lyon for two miles, and then leave it, and begin climbing slowly aloft beside a roaring burn which tumbles wildly about among its rocks hundreds of feet below.

This is the Keltnie burn. In old times there was a nunnery on an island in Loch Tay, close to Kenmore. And the nuns' chief steward was as the chief officer of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians—a dexterous man at foraging in winter time, a Keltnie Caleb Balderstone. And he went foraging one winter's day across to Tummel Side, and he got roaring fou with Alaster Kennedy (that was forbear to Sandy Kennedy, that now is) in the change-house at Glen Goldnie, and he coupit his creels into the burn, coming home, and was drowned, and the burn is called the Keltnie burn to this day, in proof of the truth of the story; which seems to us to have such great

elements of probability about it as hardly to want confirmation of any kind.

Passing Garth Castle, an old robber tower, and a beautiful waterfall, you creep on through the growing desolation of Glen Goldnie, till cultivation ceases; and, passing suddenly round a scarp of rock, you cry, aha! and come face to face with the topmost soaring peak of Schehallion.

It springs up from the side of the road, in one vast cone of grey stone and yellow grass, without a wrinkle—almost without a shade—save where some happy wandering cloud throws a purple shadow into the deep summer blue for a moment, and then passes on again, leaving the mighty pyramid to repose in crystal silence aloft in the summer air.

Such was Schehallion as we saw it, in June, on a day when it was a happiness merely to breathe and look. In winter, when the accumulated fury of tempest gathered from the wild Atlantic is raging in every cranny—or worse, when the southeast has poured his hoards of snow, day after day, before the driving wind; when the rocks, now so lovely a pearl-grey, in contrast to the yellow grass, show black as ink amidst the snow; when the whole peak hangs up, an angry, dark, snowless cone, above the drift—the beautiful Schehallion, Hill of Storms, becomes a terrible

demon, a pitiless devourer of men, whose wives look out into the howling night, listening in vain for the well-known footfall amidst the storm.

For hush! What place is this? A little desolate lake at a turn of the road, grown up with sedges and moss. And what are these heaps of grey stones, lying about here and there? This is the worst bit of the road, and these cairns point where the corpses were found of those who have at different times defied Schehallion in his angry mood. The oldest cairn has been there about thirty years, the newest, alas! but six months. It was that of a young man, going down to spend his new year in Rannoch. "When they found him, he was sitting by the burnside where you are standing now. Yes, indeed, sir. And his poor body was laid along sideways. And here, in this bit alderbush, they found his umbrella." One walks about cautiously after this, lest, lying about, among the summer flowers, buckbeans, and white orchises, one should see some more decided relic of the poor young fellow who started for Rannoch, last new year, for his holiday, and was lost in the snowdrift.

But now, passing round a knoll of limestone (all the base of Schehallion is limestone, from the caves of which large streams, almost big enough to turn a mill, come flushing out, crystal clear,

into the sunshine), we come upon a sight which makes us forget at once the grey cairns of the dead men. For below us is Strath Tummel. Close to the left, Loch Rannoch stretches away for eleven miles, and from it the mighty river starts into life, and goes flashing and gleaming, a broad silver riband, in sweeping curves, from one side of the valley to the other, till, to the right, you lose sight of it among the woodland, under the towers of Dunalister.

The way down from the lonely, reedy little lake before mentioned, to Kinloch, passes through some of the most beautiful scenery I have ever had the luck to see—a succession of brilliant green mountain lawns, fringed and broken by feathery birch, and everywhere the peak of Schehallion showing above the trees, making some new and splendid combination with the broken green braes at every turn of the road. After a sudden pitch down of near a thousand feet, you drive along under the sycamore, birch, and chestnut woods, and come to Kinloch, a little village at the east end of Loch Rannoch, with a charming inn. And, if you are a fisherman, and a wise man, you will go no further.

Inverquoich is further on. Not far. I consider Kinloch as part of Inverquoich. I would as soon stay at Kinloch or Aberfeldy as there. I really

do not know which is the most delightful of the three places. I do not go so far as to say that Kinloch is the most charming place in Scotland, because I believe that there are many others equally charming. But it is, in its way, very nice. The lake fishing here on Loch Rannoch is very fine, trout, salmo-ferox, and charr. The river fishing is very good also, but not perhaps equal to that at Aberfeldy, where you get salmon, of which there are none in this part of the Tummel. But neither in the Tummel at Rannoch, nor in the Tay at Aberfeldy, is it any use for a man to fish, unless he knows the way how. Having now pronounced judgment on these matters, we will go on to Inverquoich. Perhaps we may find time to say a few more words about Kinloch and Aberfeldy hereafter.

DESCRIPTION OF INVERQUOICH.

Inverquoich is situated about seven miles from Kinloch, in a N.N.E. direction. At the lower end of Loch Darroch this great loch fills a vast basin in the hills eleven miles by three, with crystal clear water. At the further end, among the mountains, the deep, dark river Eran joins the lake through a wild pass in the hills; and, following up this river for five miles, you come upon another lake, larger, wilder, and more de-

solate than the one you have left. Passing up this lake again into the very heart of the mountains, beyond human dwellings, you come at the last on a deep river again, and beyond it the mighty Loch Glydoch, eleven miles of water, covered with birchen islands, and whose shores indented with intricate wooded bays, the one within the other, are almost untrodden by the foot of man, and echo only to the cackle of the breeding gull, and the sullen plunge of the great trout of the lakes.*

You will perceive, therefore, that the drainage of an immense tract of country, the gathering of ten thousand silver threads of water from a thousand hills, all comes into these great lakes, and ultimately into Loch Darroch. So when you stand on the handsome stone bridge of Inverquoich, about a quarter of a mile from where the Darroch leaves the lake, you must not be surprised to find that the brown, swift, boiling stream is as large as the Thames at Sonning, or the Severn at Worcester.

This is the river Darroch, which gives its name to Glen Darroch, the whole of which is the property of the Marquis of Strathgrampian, though

* The writer seems to be describing a chain of lakes similar to Lochs Rannoch, Ericht, and Lydoch, but hardly so fine.

it forms but a very small part of it (for his estate runs sixty miles due west from his house, and he is a very great man, and is kind enough to let us fish; so we will speak respectfully of him, for there are dungeons in his castle, and what a terrible thing it would be if a tourist should happen to get shut up in one of them, and it were to get into the papers).

But, although this accounts for the name of the Strath, it does not for the name of the village, Inverquoich, which means the place where the river Quoich debouches into some larger river. There must be a river called the Quoich, then? There is the stream which comes down through dim, dark wood, passes under the road, and turns the wheel of the saw-mill. That is the Quoich. It does not look very hysterical here in the village street. We will go up the glen by the manse presently, and see what happens to it up there.

Inverquoich is a large village; there are two thousand inhabitants in it. It is a very thriving place, and they are going to bring a railway here. It consists of one street and a market-square, over which market-square our rooms look. I should call it an ugly village. The houses are all of grey stone, with slate roofs, all of the same pattern, and that not at all a pretty one. There is

no attempt at a flower-garden in front of any of them. It looks sadly dull, after a pretty English village; but the houses are better built than the majority of the cottages in the south of England, and, I fancy, might be very clean and comfortable, if the people chose to keep them so—which they don't. If the cottagers in the warm, moist, dripping climate of Devon were to venture on the same amount of dunghill and slops with the people of Inverquoich, they would be in a chronic state of typhus. They would if they dared, I don't doubt, for they like to do a little in that way as well as their neighbours; but the instinct of self-preservation keeps them from being quite as bad as the Highlanders.

The people at Inverquoich consist entirely of shop-keepers and labourers. Inverquoich is the largest place for many miles, and the shops there supply a very large scattered population among the hills around. Formerly the country round was cut up into a great number of small farms, from ten to forty acres; but at the time of the Reform Bill, and afterwards, the present Marquis, then Lord Glenbroa, threw a great many of the small farms into one, so as to make holdings of more than fifty acres apiece, and so create votes. This was found to act well for the landlord; firstly, because the land was better farmed; and,

secondly, because there was but one homestead to keep in repair, instead of half a dozen. It acted well in another way too. Scotch sporting was becoming fashionable among the English, who came north and rented moors; so game was becoming valuable. Game was more easily preserved by this suppression of the small holdings, which lay out in desolate glens. It was better to rent the land for sheep-pasture to one responsible man, whose homestead was miles away, to have no one to travel over it but his shepherd and collies, than to have six or seven outlying farms, and sixty or seventy long-legged Highland lads, with nothing very particular to do that any one knows of. It has certainly stopped poaching. There is no poaching now. We had another way of stopping that though, which very soon did it. If any member of a family was caught poaching, *he* was prosecuted, and his whole family were evicted from the estate. That is why we have so many grouse.

And where, you ask us, are the small, suppressed farmers, and the routed families of the poachers? Well, they are in Canada and Australia, and some in America. (The watchmaker in Inverquoich is called McClellan; the daft callants call him Young Bony.) All the better for them, you say. That may be so, but I wish they were

back in the Highlands. They were doing no great harm there. Since the Forty-five, the Highlanders have been quiet enough, and, until twenty years ago, the Highlands was one of our best recruiting grounds. Where the late Marquis, in 1803, raised a battalion, the present one just keeps a company together.* It is hard to persuade one that it is politic to throw land out of cultivation, and depopulate a country. We don't like to come everywhere; in pleasant lonely glens, on unroofed cottages and ruined homesteads—we are not used to it. If the reader wants to hear the other side of the question fairly stated, he will find it in "Vacation Tourist," for 1860, article "Sutherland."

We certainly detest poachers, and rejoice in the new Act; but it would be utterly unfair to confound the Highland poacher with the murderous English ruffian, against whom the Act was framed—the fellow who will murder an honest gamekeeper, if he is interrupted in his task of stealing pheasants, which cost a guinea a piece in rearing, to sell them to the London poulterers. Your

* Volunteers in Perthshire, 1803—Cavalry, 160; Rank and File, 3,897; Artillery, 63; total, 4,036. What the total number are now I do not know. Lord Breadalbane's volunteers, however, carry out what I have asserted here. They are 50 this year, against 300 in 1803.

Highland poacher, where he exists, is a sad fellow of course, but not, from any account we have heard, such a brute as your Lancashire or Middlesex game thief.

We knew at Inverquoich a certain eminent poacher, Mr. Alexander, Alister, Sandy, Alick, or Saunders MacTaviah. He was the best hill-runner of his day; now he is a respectable butcher, doing a good business. A middle-sized man, almost a little man, about ten stone, or hardly that. Slow in his movements, almost vacant in look, till something catches his attention, and then as bright and keen as a hawk. He is a good husband, a good father, capital man of business, a pious man enough, but *he was* an awful poacher. He never fired a gun on Lord Strathgrampian's property; he kept his attentions for his lordship's neighbour, the Duke of Tullygoroundabout. Coll Grant, the fleetest of the Duke's keeper's, was set on to him. He started one day, *expeditus*, with nothing on but his kilt, shirt, and bonnet, and, by stalking, came suddenly within a hundred yards of MacTavish, who was loaded with a heavy double-barrelled gun and five brace of grouse. Without throwing away either one or the other, he started on his race. For five long miles of heather and bog, he easily headed the keeper, who saw, with utter astonish-

ment, that MacTavish had, from the very first, been running straight as a line towards the *Duke's own castle*. And now he was fairly in the lion's jaws, for there was only a gentle rise between him and the castle grounds. The poacher topped it sixty yards in front. The keeper followed in twenty seconds. The ground beyond was clear open birchwood, without a place big enough to hide a rabbit. He could see the Duchess walking in the garden, reading her book; he could see the little ones, Lord Ronald and Lady Constance, making themselves in a confounded mess with a watering-pot. But Alister MacTavish had *disappeared*. His disappearance had a sobering effect on Coll Grant. He was always very civil to MacTavish. He believed in *odd things* after this. In fact, if the story as it was told me is true, it amounts to the most wonderful instance of sleight of person I ever heard of. Three hours after, he walked into the market-place at Inverquoich, gun, grouse, and all.

THE DOGS AND CHILDREN AT INVERQUOICH.

We must put the dogs first, because we respect the dignity of labour, for the dogs work (at least the collies), and the children do not. Besides, the children retain, to a certain extent, the ancient

Egyptian dog-worship. Whether, as asserted by Herodotus, in Euterpe, of the Egyptians, they shave their heads on the death of a dog, we do not know—no dog died whilst we were at Inverquoich. Their almost religious reverence for them is undoubted, however. No child will eat its supper unless the dog has part of it. And the most fractious child, be he ever so naughty, may be lulled into quiescence in an instant, by giving him to Rover; that is to say, by putting him on the floor, and letting him put his arms round the dog's neck, and nestle his little cheek against the dog's honest face.

Father, you know, is on the hill, or in the field all day; and mother is washing, or cooking, or mending, Rob and Elsie are at school; so what is there better for us to do than to lie the live-long, happy summer's day in the dust before the door, whole heaps of us, bare-legged, bare-headed, bare-footed, kilted, little rascals, with the old bitch and the puppies. Let us throw the sand on one another's heads, and dust ourselves like partridges or chickens, to kill the vermin.

Stay, though; there is better fun than this. Here's auld Gil Sanderson going out with his barrow to cut grass by the toll-pool for his cow that has calved in the loaning. Let us go with him. All the twenty or thirty of us. Three

can ride in his barrow, and three in his bareleggit lassie Mary's. The rest can walk. Ronald and Donald can be carried pickaback by their sisters. Yes; let us all go. The gipsies are away at Kenmore tryst, at the review of my lord's volunteers; therefore let us go forth under the cloudless sky, and take the old dog and her puppies with us, and lie all day among the long summer grass by the river side, while auld Gil cuts his grass. And baby shall lie asleep among the golden fern, with the purple shadows playing over his face.

“Kings have no such couch as thine.”

And we will weave garlands of purple geranium, and globe ranunculus, and geum, and white orchis, and wild rose. And we will wade into the golden shallow, and see the parr scud away from under our feet. And the old bitch shall hunt for mice; for Jock Gourlay's grey terrier killed a mouse one day, and why should not she? And here comes the English gentleman with the gold watch-chain and brown shoes, that goes fishing with John Hossack. “Are ye going fishing the day, sir? Have you got a trout to give us the day, sir? D'ye think it will thunner the day, Mr. Hossack, for we're going down to the toll-pool, and its unco far from home, ye ken?”

And so we will spend the long summer afternoon, and clap our hands, and shout, and scream with joy, when we hear the mighty salmon splash sullenly in the dark black pool, where the wicked laird's daughter drowned herself lang syne; until the woods of Craig-Arth grow black, and the highest rocks of Craig-Oil begin to blaze their farewell to the dying day. And then we will go straggling home along the turnpike road, for father will be back from the hill. And, when we have kissed him, and said our prayers, we will fall fast asleep as we stand, or sit, or lie, and mother shall lift us into bed, like so many happy dead dogs.

How much would you give to be one of them, reader, just for a day or two. All you are worth? Why, no; but it must be very pleasant.

AN EVENING'S WALK AT INVERQUOICH.

A man who has been hard at work fishing all day, knocking himself about at the river-side, earns a right to a good dinner; but, at Inverquoich, whether he earns it or not, he will get it, and, if he is so disposed, a good glass of wine after it. We dined comfortably together one night, and after dinner we asked the waiter for the key of the glen. Armed with this, we went across to the other side of the street.

The volunteers were still lounging about; a pleasant sight for any man who cares about "the movement." A most capital sample of men, not equal to the Londoners in size and strength we should say (who are?), but, probably, equal in courage (the highest compliment we can pay any men on the face of the earth), and, probably, superior in enduring fatigue—a sample of men, which could be readily equalled in any part of England, but which it would be hard to improve upon. They looked splendid in their Highland dress, and were, like the rest of volunteers, quiet, courteous, and obliging; anxious, like the rest of us, by these means, to make the dress they were popular and respected. When the Chinese invade England, and the great decisive battle is fought on Farnham heights (while our fleet is engaged with his Imperial Majesty's junks), we shall feel very comfortable if we have the South Middlesex or Queen's Westminster on the one flank, and the Inverquoich Rifle Volunteers on the other. We would not wish to be in better company.

And, while we sat together beside the bowling-green, smoking, the conversation turned on a fiction which some Scotchmen have persuaded themselves to be a truth, "that Scotchmen are physically superior to Englishmen." One of us, fresh from Hythe, remarked that the *two* finest

men there were members of the Honourable Artillery Company, "cockneys," *pur sang*. Another remarked how odd it was that the Scotch were always so ready to apply the term "cockney" to an Englishman—apparently unconscious of the extreme offensiveness of the word, constituting, as it does, in some companies, a *casus belli*. Another mentioned Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Devon, Cornwall, and Kent, in which counties every man, or nearly so, was a giant, and which contained a larger population than Scotland. A third noticed that almost every rower, runner, boxer, or cricketer came from south of the Tweed, and said that, although the trade of an athlete was a despicable one, yet it was hard to believe that, if the Scotch possessed that superiority in athletic exercises claimed for them by Christopher North, none of them would ever have tried for the magnificent prizes given in England for such worthless accomplishments. And a fourth quoted, from the author before mentioned, a passage, describing a Scotchman airing his brawny limbs on an island after a long swim, while a cockney (by which his school seem to mean an Englishman) was spewing (to use his own language) on the bank. Then he went on to notice that from Perth, all up Tay side, he could hardly find a man who could swim;

that, asking one of the best informed men in Aberfeldy, he had told him that he believed he was the only man in the town who could; that Scotch boys in the Highlands seldom or never bathe at all; and then wound up by mentioning, as a ridiculous *per contra*, that every boy of fourteen along Thames side could swim like a duck. After wondering among ourselves that *such* a nation as the Scotch condescended to such ridiculous self-assertion, we left the bowlers, and unlocked the gate of the glen.

Thanks to you, my Lord Strathgrampian, for your permission to walk up this glen on a summer's evening after dinner, with our cigars! May the towers of your castle stand till the crack of doom, and may its long corridors echo always to the babble of your grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, down to the fortieth generation! till young Whigs be as thick as Scotch firs on Craig-y-Barn! May your larches take root in every cranny among the rocks, until they are worth, at an average, from 39s. to 2l. 4s. apiece! May your salmon increase and multiply, under the new Act! May the owners of stake-nets, cruives, and dykes, on the lower waters, be utterly confounded and put to shame for stopping your lordship's fish! May their whiskers grow inside till they bite them off, and their shoes go

down at heel! May your factor be ordered to take down the palings which prevent any one catching a glimpse of Loch Darroch! May your deer and grouse multiply to the *n*th, and may there be no confounded row, if one tries to stalk a stag for the purpose of drawing him! May your potatoes—! If there is any other wish your lordship would like one to express, we will express it, for the sake of the walk you have allowed us up this glen, this evening.

For, passing through the gate, we came into the blessed valley of Avalon. All of us had been in fairy-land before, on many occasions, but never in so fair a portion of it as this. The path leads on, for a mile or more, through a dark wood, under larch, and beech, and oak, and all the way comes, leaping and pausing, and leaping again, a loud brawling brook. The timber is some of the largest we have ever seen; and here and there, between the boughs, we can see great scarps of rock, rising on either hand, densely wooded, hundreds and hundreds of feet aloft, and thus, and thus only, know that we are following the brook up a great cleft in the hills; and all about us, under the shadow of the trees, there is a tangled jungle of fern and flowers.

And so we pass on a mile or more. What is that? A roe doe, heavy with young, looking

about for a place to lie by in. She is close to us, and walks slowly away towards the brook, and we follow to see what she will do. We get a long vista of hanging woods, with the stream brawling down between them, and in the foreground—the eye-piece to the picture—the deer, standing elegantly in mid-stream, looking wearily about her. “As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,” says one of us, and is not corrected. Poetical quotations are allowed here, for we are wandering among “the Birks of Aberfeldy;” walking along the same—the very same—path, along which Burns walked, when the wondrous beauty of the place inspired him with that, almost his best, lyric.

So we pass along till the path begins to rise, and there is a corner of rock before us, which shuts out further view. And the foremost of us goes round it, and cries out, “God bless me! Come and look at this!” And we hurry round. And, lo! the black glen, the darkening wood, and the towering cliffs, are all lit up and illuminated by a mighty, shivering, waterfall. And hundreds of feet aloft, and half a mile away, in the dim recesses of the feathering woodlands, we can see cascade beyond cascade, one above another, streaming diligently away for ever—a broad, waving riband of light.

—And at last, climbing aloft, we stood upon a frail bridge, and saw the stream beneath our feet leap down sixty feet into a black chasm, and, far below again, begin to crawl lazily away in long dark pools. From here, too, we could see back to the earth we had left—actually, miles away and below, could see the world, with corn-fields and farm-houses, the homes of our brother-men: and we aloft in Avalon! And then we came swiftly down out of the dark wood into the bright green mountain meadow, into the village street, and told what we had seen. And they told us that, in winter-time, when the frost had laid his hand on that waterfall, every little spouting jet, and every wreath of spray upon the hazel-twigs, was changed to frosted silver work; and that, as the winter went on, the waterfall by degrees formed itself into a crystal hollow temple of ice, supported by many columns, and adorned with a thousand fantastic minarets, through which the stream finds its way to outer air. Fairy-land is not a safe place in winter-time; but a few adventurous spirits climb up each year to see the ice-temple. After a few day's thaw, some one comes and looks into the linn, and finds it all gone, and the stream spouting away in his old familiar channels once more. And every year, as soon as the ice temple in the linn

in ready for his reception, a little old man—some say a Pict, some say something worse—comes down and inhabits it. When the spring has brought his ice-house crashing about his ears, he goes up to Loch Houlakin, and lives with the breeding gulls. No one has ever seen him; but if, on a bright summer's day, you stand in front of Crag Arth, and call to him, he will answer with a shout which sends the gulls barking over the hill-side, and awakes a thousand shattering echoes throughout the lonely corrie.

AN EXCURSION TO GLEN LYON.

It is not very far from Inverquoich to Fortingal; and Fortingal is at the mouth of Glen Lyon; and Glen Lyon belongs to many people now, but once it belonged to the Macgregors, who were hunted out langsyne by the Campbells. We do not say undeservedly; we only say, that the consolidation of those various clans of Highland gentlemen under one great responsible head (like MacCallum More of Argyle) was, on the whole, beneficial to the progress of the country, and to the great doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Our opinion about the extermination of the clan Macgregor is, that it is an act against which we should have protested at the time (provided we had not been engaged

in some other employment), but would afterwards have sulkily acquiesced in, as being an unavoidable, though somewhat harsh, measure. We are not sure that we should have cared to live in Strath Tay, while the Macgregors held Glen Lyon. Of course our personal courage is beyond suspicion; but still we should have preferred living a little nearer the big gallows at Crieff (if we had the choice), in those times before they sang,

“Glen Strae and Glen Lyon no longer are ours.”

And, while we are on this theme, let us say that we shall be glad to hear of a young poet who can write us two such lines as those which follow:—

“They deprive us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give our roofs to the flame and our flesh to the eagles;
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregarach.”

Suppose, now, your name had happened to be Campbell; that, some two hundred years ago, you had lived in Strath Tay, in a lonely house; and that you were awakened in the night by a dozen or fourteen honest gentlemen of the Macgregor persuasion, singing that song under your windows; what would you have done? *We* should have sent the servant-girl for the constable.

Also, before we start for Fortingal, we will

remind you that Campbell of Glen Lyon, the leader of the massacre of Glencoe, was connected by marriage with poor Macdonald. (*Macaulay's History*, vol. iv. p. 208.)

When I came to Fortingal, we found myself in Glen Lyon, which is here an open and most uninteresting strath, apparently stretching open and bare for miles to the westward. We had heard so much of the scenery of Glen Lyon, as being, without exception, the very finest in its way in Scotland, that I felt very much disappointed. I could see three or four miles up what I thought was the strath, but there was no appearance of even decent scenery.

But, soon after I left Fortingal, I began to be astonished. On the left was the mighty, broad river, sweeping brown among the meadows and cornfields; and on the right, close to the road, a great bank of waterworn boulders, as like the pebble ridge at Northam, in Devonshire, as need be. I turned to John Hossack, the Aberfeldy fisherman, who was on the back of the dog-cart with the rods, whistling a psalm-tune under his breath, and putting up a cast of flies, and asked him to explain the extraordinary bank of boulders. Strange to say, even he, intelligent and well-informed as he was, had been that way a hundred times, and had never noticed the composition of

that bank before. It caught my eye in one instant; it would catch the eye of any alluvial gold-miner. It was the deposit of centuries of the flux and reflux of ice at the mouth of some great estuary, as the land rose from the sea. But where was the estuary narrow enough to form a current to move such boulders as these? The strath was broad and flat. The difficulty was soon explained. The road wound round the end of the great Moraine. I had time to see that it was flat at the top, and was from ten to fifteen acres in extent, when I found myself before the gates of Glen Lyon.

I seized the driver by the arm. "Man! man!" I said, "do you mean to tell me that that river comes down *through there?*"

John Hossack burst into a fit of laughter at my discomfiture, and nearly swallowed a salmon-fly. I may or may not have been saying a little too much about Caernarvonshire and Madeira before this. By my exclamation, I quite lost the whip-hand of him on the subject of scenery.

The broad, open strath which I had mistaken for Glen Lyon, was merely a blind valley leading, behind Drummond Hill, back to Loch Tay. The real Glen Lyon was before us. There was a great rift in the everlasting rocks, and beyond, in purple distance, fold beyond fold,

a vista of jagged mountain and feathering woodland.

I humbly confess that I have never in my life seen anything so beautiful as Glen Lyon. It lies between Schehallion and Ben Lawers; and the wonderfully picturesque spurs of those two mountains, running down and throwing the great river from side to side of the well-wooded strath, give some new and beautiful combination every quarter of a mile. Other people, I do not doubt, will laugh at me for saying that I have seen nothing more beautiful, and naturally. I have seen so much of the surface of this earth that, if any one were to assert to me that this or that was the finest thing in nature, I, in my turn, might laugh at him; for there is no harm in laughing. Glen Lyon is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen; and so laugh away.

Many of the readers of this article have seen the pass of Llanberis. Glen Lyon is something like the finest part of that pass; but the hills on either side are loftier: the level space of the valley is, perhaps, six hundred yards broad. There is great abundance of timber. The glen is thirty miles long, and down through it comes a great river, as big as the Conway at Llanrwst.

The gates of the glen, at which you enter, are the most abrupt part of it that I saw. There is

only room for the river, none for the road; that is cut artificially in the side of the hill. The river here is a shoreless linn of alternate pools and rapids, with very large beech and maple timber growing in every cranny.

Soon after this the glen opens out. I had asked people where lived Captain Campbell, of Glencoe. Nobody knew. But, passing a long, low white house, standing back from the road, with a row of maples before it, the driver, who had not so very much to say for himself, poked me in the ribs, and said,—

“Ye have heard of the massacre of Glencoe, sir?”

We rather thought we had.

“And of Campbell that did it, maybe?”

“Certainly.”

Yon’s his house, sir. Did ye ken, John Hos-sack (to the fisherman), that Chesthill had biggit a muckle new wa’ between,” &c.

We, however, had seen the house where Campbell of Glen Lyon lived. And the only remarkable thing about it is that it is whitewashed; as it not Campbell himself.

At least not yet. But so many men have been daubed with untempered mortar lately, that it is quite possible that that most eminent cut-throat scoundrel may come in for his turn in

time. We hope, wherever he is, that it may benefit him. But it will be a nasty job. Campbell of Glen Lyon, Nero,* and the Devil, seem to be the only three men waiting for their turn of the brush.

What more about Glen Lyon? Nothing, except a never-to-be-forgotten day, among feathering woodlands, dark purple cloud shadows, gleaming bands of golden meadow grass, and everywhere the great river sweeping from side to side of the glen over his amber-coloured pebbles. And in one place a reft in the south side of the glen, with Ben Lawers blocking it up, rising from the river side in terrace after terrace of dark rock, towards the zenith, and down his side a gleaming torrent leaping and pausing and leaping on again, among the mountain lawns.

In the evening, as we were going home, John Hossack dropped his fly-book, and I sent him back in the dog-cart to look for it, and walked on. And, as I walked amidst the gathering gloom, all alone, I came to a darksome wood; and in the middle of the wood was a wicked old castle.

Evidently a haunt of the Macgregors in old

* Since this was written, Nero *has* been in the *Fortnightly Review*, by a professor. Perhaps the same hand will undertake Campbell and the Devil. Then we shall be square.

times—now, I am happy to say, roofless and windowless, or I should hardly have whistled in approaching it, with two pounds ten and an Albert watch chain on me, and I, too, coming from the direction of Inverary. I had a look at the castle, and the place where it was built, and I came to the conclusion that the man who built it meant no particular good to some one, who might be expected to come up the glen from the east; *and also*, that the man who built it knew perfectly well what he was about. Put me two companies of the Strathgrampian Rifle Volunteers between these four walls, surrounded by their dense thicket of timber; erect me a small sconce on the hill called Drumsnab, and put me another two companies in it; and then I rather think that, if the Emperor of China found himself profoundly penetrated with a generous enthusiasm for taking his whole army up to show them the scenery at the head of Glen Lyon, then, in that case, consistently adhering to his great idea of a bloodless solution of European difficulties, he would find himself compelled to go all the way round by Kinloch, and come in at the west end of the glen after all.

Ah! they were rough old times in Glen Lyon, when the Macgregors had their backs to the wall, and were fighting, inch by inch, against the

Campbells for the possession of this glorious Glen Lyon: the Campbells coming over the hills from the west; the Macgregors retreating from one bend in the river to another eastward, still eastward, towards those other Campbells who possessed Strath Tay, who were also their deadly enemies, but had never dared to penetrate beyond the awful rock-walls at Fortingal. Rough times, indeed. One would that some one was alive to tell us what these clan fights were like.

No need. There are some mounds of earth in yon hollow by the bridge which spans the foaming waterfall, and above which Ben Lawers begins to roll in lofty steep downs, one above the other, until he tilts up his last mighty slab into the sky. That is the remains of a Highland village. Let us people it once more.

Easily done. A few grey stone huts; a dim, dark, autumn morning, and the eastern scarp of Ben Lawers dimly lit up by the October dawn; a hundred green-kilted men brushing swiftly through the dewy heather; a surprise, and a running to and fro; a rattle of broad swords and targets for a time; a few dropping shots; and then naught save the smoke of burning hovels mixing with the morning mist, and rising up the hollow of the mountains, and the wild wail of widows and orphans rising possibly higher even than that.

Says Humboldt, "In places where nature is terrible and powerful," so and so occurs. Nature is terrible and powerful in Glen Lyon, and the passions of men rise in proportion to the sublimity of the scenery which surrounds them. Who can wonder, then, at any deeds of blood and violence which may have been committed under the shadow of these awful mountain walls? The black horror of Glencoe suggested the blackest deed ever done beneath the face of heaven.

The above paragraph is rather pretty. It has only one fault—that of being intolerably nonsensical and false. Nature is as powerful and terrible in Glen Lyon as ever she was; but there are no deeds of blood done there now-a-days. A man may walk down Glen Lyon on the darkest night. Lord help him if he dares to walk across Hyde Park! A more gentle, affectionate set of people than the inhabitants of Glen Lyon don't exist, I take it, on the face of the earth. There is just so much wildness about them as gives them a game flavour, no more. I like a partridge better than a chicken.

Yon is the kirk, and next it is the manse. The minister who lives there is a bold hill-walker; and however wild and terrible the winter's night, that minister will away through the snow to the failing pilgrim just entering on his rest, to see if

perchance some ray of the Divine glory which is to be his portion hereafter may light upon his face from the eyes of the dying man.

Such is Glen Lyon now. A place where freedom, honour, truth, and justice lie firmly fixed among the everlasting hills.

ON KILTS AND ON ANGLING.

While I, John Bull, was at Inverquoich, there was held, by some of my Highland admirers, a Durbar, Palaver, Big Talk, Cabinet Council, Corrobory, or whatever they call it in the Highlands, in which it was unanimously voted that I *must* wear a kilt. So Gill Duff found the material, Coll Grant made it up, and I paid for it.

The evening it came home it was determined that I was to go out fishing in it. A committee waited upon me in my bed-room, and showed me how to put it on. It was pronounced to set well. I was declared unanimously to have a good leg for an Englishman. I dismissed the committee on some trifling excuse, and immediately afterwards walked downstairs in my *trousers* amidst the groans of the assembled spectators.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't really. There was an airiness about the legs, and a general dread of some horrible disaster, which rendered it im-

possible. Good heavens! I said, suppose I were to meet the ladies?

I suspect that my popularity was on the wane that night for half an hour or so, in consequence of my rebellion against the kilt; but it was all forgotten by the time I came home, and had passed into a merry joke. For the Inverquoich fellows are good fellows, and don't bear malice long.

But at last on a very dark night, I, going out fishing, put on the kilt for the first time, and slipped down to the river side. I rather liked it now, that no one could see me, and I worked hard among the rocks and stones till one in the morning.

Young Alister, the fisherman, had gone away from me, and I could hear him rattling upon a great, long shingle bed, a quarter of a mile off. I was dead beat with a noble basketful of trout; as happy as a king, and very sleepy. I thought I would go home to bed; so I sat down, and began "coo'eeing" (I like an old Australian) for Alister.

And as I "coo'eed" I fell asleep in my kilt, under the winking stars. I slept perhaps five minutes, but it was long enough to unseat reason from her throne. I awoke, with a sensation of cold about the legs. I felt them, and found they

were bare. I looked round and saw mountains and woods. And then I became possessed with the horrible idea that I had gone to bed at home, had risen in my sleep, and wandered out an unknown distance from help, in my *shirt*.

I have been troubled, from beyhood, with a cyclical dream; to wit, that I have awaked, and found myself in broad day, in the King's-road, Chelsea, opposite the Asylum wall, without any trousers on. When I awoke this night, I thought I had gone and done it at last.

I brought my kilt to England with me. When my servant found it among my other clothes, on my arrival home, he brushed it, and took it for granted, as a Hampshire man should. Soon after I found that he, by some involution of ideas—by some process of mind which I confess myself unable to follow—thought that it was a garment, which it was, “*de rigueur*” to wear when you played croquet. I had to tell him that it was worn when salmon-fishing. But he no more contemplates the possibility of his master's having worn it without any trousers underneath it than he believes it possible that the Bishop of the diocese would attend a prize fight. I have not dared to break the fact to him yet.

And now about the fishing at Inverquoich. I must not say too much about it, I fear; because

many of our readers do not care about fishing, and because the pages of the *Field* are always open to descriptions of sport of all kind.

There are no salmon at Inverquoich; but the trout fishing is the best I ever had in my life, and is equal, I think, to most *unpreserved* fishing in England.

I am aware that this statement will be received with profound astonishment, if not incredulity, by most English trout fishers, who have tried Scotland, and have come away with the idea that there is no (what we call) trout fishing there: but Inverquoich is an exception. The burn trout at Inverquoich have been killed as high as eight pounds. I myself killed, with a little whip of an English trout rod, and twenty yards of line, a fish of 3 lbs., which took me forty minutes to land. I killed bigger than that, but with a bigger rod, and with a parr. In the lake, the *salmo ferox* is abundant, running up to 14 lbs., or larger. I consider that the trout fishing at Aberfeldy, also, is nearly equal to that in the Thames.

This is a bold assertion; but any good fisherman who goes and stays at the Breadalbane Arms, Aberfeldy, and waits for the troubling of the waters, will find that I am right. One night, last June, while I was away at Rannoch, a gentleman at Aberfeldy fished through the night in the

Tay with a spoon, and did the most wonderful stroke of business among the burn trout I almost ever heard of.

People read Stoddart's Angler, and books relating principally to the South of Scotland, and fancy there are no great trout in Scotland, as in England. I have before me now a clever little book, called, "Hints to Anglers, by Adam Dryden," which relates to the fishing in the South of Scotland. He gives the results. His greatest day is 36 lbs. weight, averaging a quarter of a pound each, and so making twelve dozen. A very good day for those who care about the sort of thing, but, if the fish ran all of a size, rather a tiresome one! Mr. Dryden, provokingly, won't give us the size of his biggest fish. One three-pounder is worth fishing all day for, but one dozen quarter-pounders most certainly are not. From Mr. Dryden's book, the fishing in the parts he writes of seems similar to that in Devonshire—not to be compared to that in Hants and Wilts, which I suppose is almost the best in the world.

But, in some of the big Perthshire rivers, when you can get leave to put a line in them, you run Hants very hard indeed. Of course you cannot expect, in a poor country like that, to get trout equal in size to those of the Thames; but in

certain linns you may expect anything up to eight pounds; and the biggest trout caught in the Thames last year was, I think, no quite 15 lbs. But, as in Thames, so in Perthshire. You must be a fisherman, and a good one, to catch them. If you are not a good fisherman, go out on the loch in a boat and you may catch trout till you are tired.

But, whether you are a fisherman or not, take a rod out with you, and make believe. For so shall you be tempted to the river-side on summer's evenings; ay, and be tempted to stay out all through the summer's nights, which are never dark, but through which the Crepusculum creeps round from N.N.W. to N.N.E., and then begins to brighten once more, till the loftiest ribs of Schehallion begin to glow like molten gold,—

“Ere that the moon from his cold crown
In crystal silence creeping down.”

Or, earlier in May, you may quote, if you are out late or early enough,—

“Far off the torrent called me from the cleft,
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow.”

Or else,—

“Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn.”

I have seen many awful and beautiful things; but the calm, quiet glory of the summer's dawn, flushing up among the mountains, is the most solemn and beautiful thing I have ever looked on. And so let us brush swiftly homeward through the quiet graveyard at Inverquoich, and hear the whispering voice of awakening nature say to us, "Once more, my child, once more."

THE END.

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